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MISCELLANIES 8

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

MOSTLY WRITTEN IN THE

EPISTOLARY STYLE:

CHIEFLY UPON

MORAL SUBJECTS,

And particularly calculated for the Improvement of

YOUNGER MINDS.

By MRS. M. DEVERELL,
GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

V O L. I.

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MISCELLANEOUS

1841

THE

BRITISH

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AND

NATURAL HISTORY

OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND IRELAND



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NATURAL HISTORY
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AND IRELAND

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T O

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G L O U C E S T E R S H I R E.

S I R,

THE real honour your character
does to Science, in all its branches;
your strong attachment to the Muses;
and the benevolent encouragement that
you have long given to the votaries of
A 2 learning,

D E D I C A T I O N.

learning, makes me ambitious to prefix your Name to these familiar Letters; though, alas! they bear little or no affinity to works of Literature or Genius. But how ill soever the following sheets may deserve your patronage, it is a grateful pleasure to the author, to have now an opportunity of publicly acknowledging the many obligations she owes you for numberless good offices, in facilitating the progress of this, and a former publication. These circumstances, Sir, inspire me with confidence, to look up to you as a protecting friend to this Miscellany; in writing of which, it has been my principal view to make my epistles turn chiefly upon entertaining or moral subjects: Those, indeed, of a more serious nature, are founded upon real experience and observation, which I transmitted to paper at the time the facts were recent, without the least intention of commu-

DEDICATION.

communicating them to the public. But since I have been flattered with the hopes that they might convey some improvement to *younger minds*, I have for their sakes, ventured to dress them in a fictitious garb, that being an appearance which many respectable authors have thought most inviting to youth, to whom a *light kind of summer reading* is generally most acceptable.

I am not, Sir, in this publication, an entire votary for fame, nor yet for interest: The first I have long since known to be a mere feather; the latter too fickle a Goddess for me to pursue. But notwithstanding the mutability of these fleeting enjoyments, I am not of so mortified a temper, but that I shall always think myself supremely happy to deserve and obtain the approbation of judicious readers; and blest, beyond expression blest! to be an humble instrument of
2 leading

DEDICATION:

leading one (if but one) juvenile, unexperienced mind to the love of *letters*, or excite an emulation to tread in the paths of improvement and rectitude. I am truly sensible, that this species of writing hath engaged many authors of the first class, who, I am conscious, must make the efforts of my pen appear to a great disadvantage indeed! However, I flatter myself, that some of my Epistles may afford an innocent amusement to those young country ladies in rural shades, who have never seen the metropolis.

But what welcome a Miscellany may find, written from the *heart*, and to the *heart*, which has neither controversial subjects to enliven its spirit, nor party scandal to give it a heightening zest to a particular set of readers, nor yet any learned dissertation on the improvement of the celebrated arts, must be very dubious in a country verging to the extremes
of

DEDICATION.

of refinement. The well-trod path of polite literature is what I have not been solicitous to follow, lest a certain body of learned and respectable Gentlemen should pass that dreaded censure on me, which POPE did on those who presumed to judge of the perfections of the supreme Deity, and to arraign divine Providence.

“ In pride, in reas’ning pride, our error lies ;

“ All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.”

But I am not afraid of the lash of criticism on this account, it being visible, that my aims are of an inferior nature; and every mode of sceptical reasoning I have left, with pleasure, to the renowned sons of science: I have only endeavoured to show some virtues proper to different ages, sexes, and stations; and if this feeble attempt should be so fortunate as to meet with your approbation, the indulgence

DEDICATION.

dulgence of the public, and be useful to the rising generation, I shall gain the summit of my wishes.

The ceremonies of a Dedication are usually looked upon as a vehicle to convey hackneyed and adulatory compliments. These must be highly disgusting to the eye or ear of modest merit, and can only be pleasing to those persons, who assume pride upon the external dignity and merit of their predecessors, conscious that they have no interior worth on which to value themselves: Therefore, I will not affront you, Sir, by enlarging on the ancestry of your family, and the respectable characters they have long held in the county of Gloucester, both in public and private life. These are circumstances so well known in the world, that they need not the eulogiums of my pen. The honour of shining in courts, camps, or senates, have

DEDICATION.

have but little influence on a mind that can voluntarily renounce these splendid distinctions, to retire to that serene happiness, which experience tells us, can only be enjoyed at home. That you, Sir, may long possess this felicity in a supreme degree, and be at once an ornament to your country, and blessing to your friends and family, is as strongly presaged, as ardently wished by one, who takes the liberty to subscribe herself,

S I R,

Your most grateful,

and obedient humble servant,

MARY DEVERELL.

LONDON, JERMYN-STREET,

JULY the 10th, 1781.

VOL. I.

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Your most grateful

MARY EVERETT

July 10th, 1821

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E R R A T A.

V O L. I.

Page 50, line 14, with it, *read* with them.

66, &c. &c. SEVERUS, *read* SEVERIUS.

69, line 10, or any, *read* or in any select society of good company during that period.

174, line 19, one hundred thousand, *read* one hundred and thirty-seven thousand.

184, line 18, hill, *read* mill.

185, second line of the note, for ἡ ζοῦ, ἡ ζῆπιοῦ, *read* ἡ θοῦ, ἡ θῆπιοῦ.

202, line 16, shall, *read* shalt.

V O L. II.

Page 128, line 8, dele *a*.

145, line 16, know not, *read* know not how.

166, line the last but one, offered by her lover, *read* with a semicolon.

186, line 9, for lifted, *read* sifted.

240, line 9, for childhood, *read* in too juvenile a state.

253, line 19, and likewise, *read* and likewise have confined.

262, line 8, these mortal, *read* these verdant.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Author presents her respectful compliments to the Public, and hopes to experience their lenity for those inaccuracies, which (through a long illness, and other intervening accidents) may have escaped a female pen.

If there should be any omissions in the List of Subscribers, she hopes it will be attributed to those accidental circumstances, with which such Publications are attended.

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L E T T E R S

T O

C I C E R O:

ON THE UTILITY OF LEARNING, WHEN PRO-
TECTED BY WORTHY PATRONS.

L E T T E R I.

IT gave me a heart-felt pleasure to observe, we have so warm an advocate for the patronage of literature, in this age of dissipation, as you profess yourself to be. Certain it is, that learning, in all its branches, derives much of its growth from the warm sunshine of its patron. Emulation to please the good and great, is a passion that seems to have virtue for its origin in the breast of the ingenious : and it must excite great con-

VOL: I.

B

cern,

cern, that so noble a flame should be extinguished by the chill blasts of cold neglect !

VIRGIL and HORACE flourished in the golden age, when there was a MÆCENAS to encourage, and an AUGUSTUS to reward the noble labour of their pens. The benign smiles, and sovereign protection of the emperor, and the fostering rays of the prime minister, gave a kind of second existence to these *authors*, and inspired their muse. HORACE strewed flowers on the paths of science, which MÆCENAS delighted to tread, when he could disengage himself from the toils of state, and unbend his mind in social converse with his beloved *poet*. Those hours of relaxation HORACE sweetened and improved to his friend : and the result of their intimacy and counsel, was of happy consequence to the sovereign ; for the sciences and arts, that received so noble a sanction at court, extended to the commonwealth, and gave AUGUSTUS's reign a distinction beyond that of all others !

In those happy times, a genius for useful learning would secure an apartment in the
royal

royal palace. But a genius for literature, is in some sort a curse to its possessor in an illiterate nation.

Those PHILIPS' and ALEXANDERS' you mention, have not an existence now, who thought it a resplendent gem in their crown, to protect scientific merit in the meanest garb, and encourage the liberal arts; which it was the glory of *Greece* and *Rome* to do.

England too used to be renowned as the nursery, as well as for being the great mart of literature: and though it is obvious that neither gold, nor the favours of the *great*, can create a genius, yet it must be allowed they can direct its usefulness, and make it shine. Had not PRIOR been called forth by a DORSET, it is probable the world would never have discovered his great abilities in the humble station he was in at that time. It was scarce to be supposed then, he had that latent treasure of knowledge which afterwards gained him renown with the literati, and gave high entertainment to the public. Could a skipping waiter at a tavern, subject to attendance on every call, have had leisure to range

the ideas of a king? Of a king SOLOMON too! Next to impossible. Or could the clash of swords and oaths, with the chime of glasses, have harmonized the mind of this noble *poet*, to have written to DR. SHERLOCK with that pathos and energy he did on his practical discourse concerning Death? Or to express myself in PRIOR's own language to that good divine;

To raise her notes to that sublime degree,
Which suits a song of piety and thee.

You observe, CICERO, *Every person conversant in the French literature must be sensible, that it was the notice and liberality of LOUIS XIV. that kept the pens of BOILEAU, RACINE, and many other great geniuses at work.* You might at the same time have told us, that the respect and protection which that great monarch so justly afforded to Madame DE MAINTENON, gave the greatest lustre to his reign. History informs us, before his acquaintance with her, LOUIS was so intoxicated with the victory of his *arms abroad*, and so absorbed in sensual pleasures *at home*,
that

that he was a stranger to the love of true glory, in subduing his passions, improving his mind, and setting a good private example to his children and subjects.—Retirement he could not love, because he had no mental ideas that could afford him satisfactory delight to support the solitude of state: Therefore, being a stranger to virtuous habits, it was very difficult to rouse such a lethargic disposition to the love of literature; which any farther than as it flattered his power or vanity, seemed to him a blank leaf. But when the rejected widow SCARRON came into power as Madame DE MAINTENON with Louis, she allured her sovereign to taste the hidden *manna* of erudition, which before he had no relish for. And when he had acquired this taste, by the best directed arts of his female physician and true friend; virtue gained ground, and vice declined at the French court: Ferocity of temper was softened in the king by literature, and vain show and magnificence lost their former charms.

But to return to Madame DE MAINTENON in the zenith of her glory. How solicitous

was this admirable woman to extend her influence for the encouragement of every laudable art and science, as well as to the relief of every species of indigent merit? Indigence, in various forms, she had severely felt! and well knew how to commiserate from experience, as well as native tenderness of disposition.—Under every period of distress, and smile of fortune, how exemplary was her conduct! How deep, yet modest, her wisdom, when she penetrated into the sinister views of the great and gay at the French court; and directed them, to the utmost of her power, to the good of the community! How persuasive, religious, and noble were her instructions to the young Princess of BURGUNDY! and indeed to every other branch of the royal family she could gain an ascendant over by tenderness and unremitted vigilance! So Madame DE MAINTENON was the MÆCENAS of her age to LOUIS XIV. and might well be called one of the lights of France! for I firmly believe her virtue was as pure, as her capacity was strong. But had she not found a generous patron, how much of

of the glory of her character would have been lost in poverty and obscurity?

It is next to impossible for persons in indigent circumstances, huddled up in a narrow corner, without society to converse with, or books to instruct, however great their mental powers may be, to expand their ideas or actions, beyond the narrow limits of passive virtue: For when the student, like a limed bird, is pinioned to his cage, were his ideas as lofty and sublime as MILTON's or PINDAR's, he cannot soar above the urgent calls of temporal necessities, unless he could instruct the body to subsist on ideas only. Learning, it is true, may be best acquired in retirement, but its utility must be retained by social converse and knowledge of life; otherwise its advantages, in many respects, lie dormant;

“Teaching we give, and giving we retain

“The births of intellect when dumb forgot.”

Great minds catch an emanation of conspicuous virtue from good company, and strengthen their own by congenial sentiments.

B 4

But

But what example can influence a person, whose faculties are nipped in the bud by the rough gripe of penury! confined to a cob-web dome, and manual labour for daily support? For (as I hinted before) we must commence the life of angels before we can subsist on ethereal food. Here, human nature will claim attention whilst we are in an embodied state; and individuals must be set above temporal wants themselves, before they can, in any eminent degree, contribute to the improvement or felicity of others. Let their scientific geniuses be ever so enlarged, when personal strength is enervated, the vigour of sentiment and action is oft times annihilated with it.

Therefore I entirely agree with you, CICCERO, that it would be a conduct worthy of the king of Great-Britain, to institute an academy for ingenious persons to pursue the objects of literature. This might be of great utility to the subjects of this realm, were it filled with geniuses far inferior to those radiant ones that adorned the last age.

Pope

Pope CLEMENT, in his late excellent letters, when writing to prince SANSEVERO, tells us, "Every monarch who knows his own glory, knows how much the credit of the learned is reflected back upon him, when he protects them. If those geniuses who are capable of great things were encouraged among us, Italy (and might we not say England too) would see great men of every kind spring up from her bosom once more: The seeds of talents still remain;—they only want to be cherished, to flourish with magnificence."

VOLTAIRE, in his Memoirs, says, "That the foundation of his fortune was built upon the liberality of King GEORGE the First, and the Princess of WALES, who raised an immense subscription in England for him, when he came to print the *Henriade* here;" and if a foreigner, of exceptionable manners and morals, though a bright, luminary in human learning, could meet with that generous patronage in the British court, we must hope her genuine sons and daughters of science will not lie wholly neglected in the present age.

VOLTAIRE likewise informs us, that the origin of the correspondence betwixt his Prussian majesty and himself, was equally honourable to each of the parties; and the most memorable instance in history, not excepting the age of AUGUSTUS, of mutual friendship and esteem betwixt a royal and a literary person. This correspondence commenced by letters in the year 1736; and in 1740, *when that monarch drew him to Berlin, he drew an academy of science with him.*

His apartments were under the king's, and VOLTAIRE seldom quitted them but to go to supper. The Memoirs tells us, "His Prussian majesty composed his works in philosophy, history, and poetry, in the upper apartments, while his favourite cultivated the same arts and talents in the lower. They communicated their works to one another. The Prussian monarch wrote his Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg at Potzdam; and the French author, having carried his materials with him, wrote his Age of Louis the Fourteenth at the same place."—What pity that truth must here drop the pen in favour

vour of Voltaire ! who could prove ungrateful to such a noble prince, and undermine, by secret interest, the confidential communications, of his most illustrious and beneficent patron !

I am bold to say, the neglect of literature is an increasing evil in this nation, in our sex, if not in your's. Moderns exclaim against serious subjects with vehemence ! Nor must a word of such topics be mentioned in their company, without incurring the censure of pedantry. To what use then is writing, except the mind could be led to relish it, or the *king*, who is the fountain of temporal honour, would vouchsafe to patronize it ? Nor will the latter *alone* make it flourish. Admiration is not current coin at our markets ; nor will even a bishop's blessing be taken in exchange for food and raiment. But could the learning which so much adorned the ancients, be brought into fashion by the concurrent approbation, and grateful regard of persons of distinguished reputation, birth, and fortune ; it might facilitate the slow progress of useful and noble erudition ! and

at the same time put licentious riot, vice, and effeminacy out of countenance; all which must be allowed to be more dangerous to the good of society, than the drawn sword of an inveterate enemy.

It was reading your letter, CICERO, to your friend, on the advantage of learning, that kindled in my bosom this spark of Roman fire. Though I am sensible I cannot add one thought of equal force with your's, I have it with you to lament, that the rich streams of science flows very languid in this isle. May you, who have drank so freely of the fountain, go on to plead for its sacred wisdom. If you give me encouragement, I may venture to give some further sentiments and examples in favour of erudition: If not, I have only to beg your pardon for wishing to throw one poor female *mite* into the scale of learning. I leave it to your sex to add your abundance out of the treasury; and am,

Your obedient humble servant,

PHILANTHEA.

L E T-

L E T T E R II.

AS you are so condescending as to approve my letter in regard to learning, and at the same time give a very *woman* encouragement to become your correspondent, with pleasure I sit down to offer you a few more sentiments on the same subject.

To consider the advantages of learning in its different branches, is a theme far too copious for my weak powers to investigate. It is evident to demonstration, that in the present times, a certain levity of speech, and dissipation of manners, seems to take the lead, even in what is deemed sensible or polite company. In effect, a general aversion reigns to all matters of weight and consequence. But shall man stand superior in the chain of created beings, with faculties for eternal existence! and trample on, or spurn, that science which enlarges his powers, humanizes
his

his passions, (those tygers of the mind) dignifies their nature by turning them to the good of society, and rendering the soul it animates, in some degree worthy the mansions of etherial bliss! Can this knowledge, this holy agriculture of the passions, (if I may so express myself) be deemed superficial? Or can it inflate the mind of any but the most arrogant? Reason recoils at the question, nor will it admit a shadow of possibility among any, but beings of a low, trifling, or fordid disposition. And persons of this cast, can never fix a *stigma* on what is allowed by the wisest of the human race to exalt a character. But it is greatly to be lamented, that the most refined and intelligent scholar is often silenced by the magnetic force of fashion, and overpowered by the whirls of grosser matter, which engages the general attention, without the least tendency to instruction.

I believe our own history does not afford us a more shining example of learning and virtues united, than RAPIN gives of ALFRED the Great, sixth king of England. Permit me

me to remind you of his character from that historian.

“ When ALFRED had compleated his victory over the Danes, and enjoyed retirement, while he lay concealed in the Isle of Athelney he made a vow to consecrate the third part of his time to the service of God, whenever he should be restored to a state of tranquillity; which *he* had no sooner obtained than he punctually performed this vow, by setting aside eight hours every day for his devotions; eight hours for public affairs; and the other eight for rest, study, and recreations. As the use of clocks or hour-glasses were not then known in England, he measured his time by wax lights, which were marked with circles of several colours to distinguish the hours.

“ This prince’s charities were very great, considering his revenues; and were so much the more commendable, as they were done in secret, or at least exempt from all manner of ostentation; He brought up in his court, or in the schools of Oxford, a great number of young persons of quality, who were instructed

structed in all things necessary to render them one day serviceable to their country. But his care to cultivate the sciences, and to induce his subjects to a taste for letters, was not all: His own example was yet a greater incitement, since no prince was ever more studious. The progress he made in literature, notwithstanding he was so long employed in the regulation of the government, and in the care of the war, may convince us how much he husbanded the remainder of his time in dedicating it to his studies."—The author of his life assures us, "He was reckoned the best *Saxon* poet of the age in which he lived; and that he was a good grammarian, orator, philosopher, architect, geometrician, and historian. He composed several works which were in great esteem: Among a number of others, he translated into Saxon the Pastoral of Pope GREGORY the Eleventh, the Consolations of BOETIUS, and BEDE's Ecclesiastical History. How shameful was it for the English nation to be so ignorant, at a time when they *had* so learned a king! This excellent prince bitterly complained,

plained, that from the Humber to the Thames, there was not one priest who understood divine service as he ought; and from the Thames to the sea, not one able to translate the easiest Latin author into Saxon.

“ This universal ignorance, and the little relish the *English* had at that time for arts and sciences, made him earnestly seek opportunities to induce strangers, eminent in their professions, to come into his dominions. He took particular care to have the most noted *workmen* in his service, and set them to work, with no other design than that of their own improvement. ALFRED placed in the chairs of Oxford, those who had the greatest reputation for learning, and assigned them considerable pensions. His view was, to stir up an emulation in the *English*, and engage them to attempt rescuing themselves out of that gross ignorance into which they had sunk.

“ What has been hitherto said of this illustrious *prince*, may suffice to give us an idea of his personal qualities. I might add a great many more particulars, since his life alone

alone would fill a large volume: But I think I may break off here, without injuring the memory of this monarch, who justly merited the title given him of *Great*. Not one historian taxes him with any vice or imperfection, and all of them unanimously represent him as one of the best princes that ever wore a crown."

I would not have obtruded so long a quotation on my learned friend, but I knew not how to shorten a character which does so much honour to the subject I am treating of, as well as to royalty itself. It is very surprising to me, that this great monarch could attain such a fund of knowledge in the short space of fifty-two years; the greatest part of which, we are told, was spent in a state of warfare, under the pressure of ill health; and but little time was allowed him to enjoy the sweets of peace. As I know but little of history, pray CICERO be so good to tell me, if there was ever any prince on the British throne since the year 900, in which ALFRED died, who filled it with more resplendent glory to himself, and the nation?

I have

I have read of Roman emperors who were poets and philosophers, but they did not monopolize all other branches of science. ADRIAN gave a convincing proof of his partiality to the *Muses* in his last hours. We have had transmitted to us the celebrated verses he composed at that solemn time, as a legacy to the world; when he enquired whether the fleeting soul, which was then leaving a tortured body, designed to go!

ANTONINUS PIUS, his worthy successor, though he obtained the empire solely by his superlative merit, would not renounce the title of *Philosopher* for that of *Emperor*, when he received the first dignities of *Rome*. Under his wise and mild government, learning flourished by his example and encouragement; and ANTONINUS might as well be called *the Father of Virtues*, as justly stiled *the Father of his Country*. I could mention many other great personages of antiquity, whose very names are sacred to me! Kings used to think that science adorned royalty; but now times are changed; and it is extremely grievous to a mind turned for literature,

rature, to have its genius depressed by neglect, or overpowered by contempt; which treatment *transforms young rapture to the ponderous sigh!* As the mind is infinitely tenderer than the body, it feels more strongly, and of consequence its delicate sensations recoil back on the memory; and ideas thus strangled in the birth, becomes very oppressive to the unhappy parent, that languishes in melancholy sadness, for want of the timely aid of assisting friendship!

Had we in the present age such an example or patron of learning as the illustrious ALFRED *was*, works of consequence would not become so extremely hazardous to publish, nor light productions be so well received by the generality of readers. Most persons are ambitious to copy (in degree) the manners or fashion of their superiors in rank; and we must allow *novelty* to be the idol of the times, the shrine to which the gay world pays an universal homage, however vain its entertainments are, or pernicious its follies: Therefore, could contemplation by any mode of address be taught to steal upon the unsteady

steady mind, rationality might soon take place of that succession of luxurious indulgences and tumultuous enjoyments, which so intoxicate our modern youth, and debases advanced age. The tinsel glare of false talents would *then* no longer take the precedence of solid accomplishments and virtues, *nor need morality be gilded over like a pill to please children.* Philosophy too might bear its own name without censure, nor would it want to be disguised by the whipt cream of *some frothy ingredient to make it palatable.*

Were solid learning once more fashionable in this Isle, we should scorn, with noble indignation, any longer to ape the levities of France in our social converse; and with equal disdain scorn to owe our taste in dress to that fantastic climate! Could science once more recall her guardian angels, that formerly were the worthy patrons of erudition in this realm, the mental powers might again expand, and reading and thinking might not be deemed so much a *sin* as it is *now* with the ignorant or superficial. With our renowned sages nothing could raise
the

the reputation of the human species more than wisdom. The knowledge of letters has likewise in the last reign brought a rustic* from the *barn* to the British court, to be rewarded for the plain yet simple improvement of his muse, by a royal bounty. It being evident to demonstration, that though Duck was a ready versifier, all the education in the world would never have made a *poet* of him. However, a thirst for the improvements of the mind, leads insensible to the polish of it, and generally discovers some latent perfection of soul; as good-natured wit, solid reasoning, and fine talents, by a natural law seems to gravitate towards virtue.

But if we consider the pursuits of literature, not as an improvement but recreation, I believe it will be found to have the advantage of most modern ones; as it is not attended with that expence of health or pocket, which accompanies many others in the extravagant or giddy circle of what are falsely

* STEPHEN DUCK, the threshër, that was patronized by Queen CAROLINE, and her majesty settled one hundred a year on him for life.

called pleasures;—pleasures that enervate the understanding, and blunt the finer edge of intellectual feelings, or awakens them to despair; for I believe the gaming-table produces more melancholy minds than the cloister. The former beggars noble families, stops up the avenues of benevoience, engenders the blackest thoughts; and suicide is often the fatal consequence! O CICERO! had I the pen of an ADDISON, YOUNG, POPE, or LYTTELTON, I would light up those Beacons and Pharos's which might be of use to the inexperienced *mariners* to avert their fate. But alas! I am but a simple woman, and have not colours strong enough to paint this enormous vice in its native deformity. The love of domestic duties hath too strong a sway in my mind, to permit me to form any connections with this dæmon of the age! This envenomed shaft of polite refinement, that sometimes deludes the comparatively innocent, when it should only pierce the guilty. Now, CICERO, give me leave to ask you, who are a great philanthropist, if this one vice, considered in all its black and dreadful

dreadful consequences, does not, like AARON'S rod, swallow up or obscure most of the social virtue or refinements of the soul? To a mind absorbed in this direful passion, the love of gaming, what charms can the best works of the most celebrated writers have? Alas! *it refuses to hear the voice of the charmer, charm be never so wisely.*

Much remains to be said for the utility of learning, which draws the mind from baneful pleasures to intellectual. Whether the argument is pursued from motives of interest or delight, *it must* have its weight with the ingenious and judicious: For the apparent levity and dissipation that is characteristic of the present age, cannot portend any good to the commonwealth: But I must have tired your patience by my prolixity, therefore will only add,

Your's,

PHILANTHEA.

LET-

L E T T E R I I I .

I AM happy to find you of PRIOR's opinion, namely, that

Content of spirit must from science flow,
For 'tis a Godlike attribute to know.

Yet, I am sensible many objections are, and may be made to this assertion: For the field of science is so various and extensive, that nothing more effectually convinces us of our own ignorance, than a short walk in it. Much matter confuses the ideas, and raises an infinity of perplexing doubts in the inquisitive mind. The modest SOCRATES said, *he knew nothing*; and even the sapient king confessed, *that in many books there was no end, and much study was a weariness of the flesh*. But yet, this weariness and cowardice of thought in pursuit of knowledge, and investigating the great arcana of nature, was to this wise prince

much more noble and rational, than his wild chace in sensual pleasures and impious idolatry, which afterwards so much inflav'd his royal breast. When his judgment was warped from the strait line of truth, religion; and virtue, into the dreary land of libertinism; the *monarch* found it far more difficult to recover his right road to honour and happiness, and emancipate himself from the galling chain of his tyrannic passions, than it ever was to his intelligent soul to treat of the laws of vegetation; *from the cedar of Libanus, to the hyssop that groweth on the wall.*

“ When knowledge, at her father’s dread command,

“ Resign’d to Israel’s king her golden key,

“ Oh! to have join’d the frequent auditors

“ In wonder and delight, that whilom heard,

“ Great Solomon descanting on the brutes.

“ Oh! how sublimely glorious to apply

“ To God’s own honour, and good-will to man,

“ That wisdom he alone of man possess’d,

“ In plenitude so rich, and scope so rare!”

Whilst

Whilst his soul was ardently engaged in these useful and noble studies, the building of the grand and solemn temple at Jerusalem; and the public administration of justice; SOLOMON could not find leisure to attend those fatal delusions which afterwards cast such a foul blot on the history of this wisest of princes, and obscured the former glories of his reign.

It is justly said of learning, as of the distinctions of birth and rank, *no one who has a just claim to these distinctions despises them*: Though it is an indisputable truth, that the more a man knows; the more he will find he has to know. Yet a laudable ambition, will not permit a vigorous mind to be intimidated by the fancied lions that lurk in the way of the slothful: No, he will set before him the shining examples of those truly great men, who encountered and conquered them by resolution and perseverance; and became, at once, the admiration and ornaments of the age in which they lived. An eminent instance of one this country has been blessed with, that said, *it was a shame to be ignorant in any matter, either great or small*. You may

think I mean the Lord Chief Justice HALE: I do; and I make no doubt but you will readily agree with Bishop BURNET, who wrote his life, that there are few instances of more knowledge and greater virtues meeting in one person's character:—His light most truly shone before men with a *strong lustre*, though his humility veiled as many of his noble and charitable actions as possible.

We are informed from BURNET's History of Lord HALE, " that for a succession of years *he* studied at the rate of sixteen hours a day.—To make himself a thorough master of his profession, he was very diligent in searching all records, and in making a collection from divers authors in law matters; which being mixed with his own observations, digested in a common-place book, was afterwards of great use to him when he was called to the bar.—Nor did his lordship content himself with being so great an adept in the English laws, but he studied the Roman likewise. To this we are assured, he added great searches into ancient history; and into the
roughest

roughest and least delightful parts of it, chronology.

“ It seems surprizing, and almost incredible, that one man, who was constantly exercised in the arduous administration of justice, and affairs of state, should have acquired such profound knowledge on such a variety of matter as law, history, or divinity suggested. He was likewise well acquainted with the best Greek philosophers, and understood the most curious things in the Rabbinical learning.— One should be ready to imagine, that what this great Judge wrote on either of these subjects, must have employed much of his time and thoughts, as the different sciences he treated of required much time, and close application.” But of all subjects divinity was his beloved study; and the practice of christianity, in all its branches, a much greater glory to *him* than all the temporal honours his king had to confer.

And here give me leave to observe, that I think religion derives a stronger lustre, and perhaps is of greater influence on the public, when enforced by the pen and practice

of a *layman* of distinguished abilities, than when the same precepts of it come recommended by a professed divine. Theology from the former, does not wear the appearance of sordid priestcraft, but disinterested reasoning. Disinterested did I say? Let me revoke the word: For surely it is a matter of the highest interest to a good mind, by any mode of address, to be of service to our fellow-creatures in their most important concerns.

The Honourable Mr. BOYLE thought, as well as Lord Chief Justice HALE, that the early study of divinity prevented the growth of different vices, which it was not easy to cure. Besides, the study of theology is not so dry a subject in speculation, as may be supposed by those who never attempted to draw water from the sacred *fountain*, which will afford as rich streams of learning and eloquence, as ever graced the orators of Greece or Rome. It has such a magnetic influence, that like the loadstone to iron, it communicates its virtues to the heart, and enables us to make a safe voyage through the dangerous ocean of life.

I heartily

I heartily wish this species of learning had its true votaries among the honourables, then they would be the right honourables of the earth, and in this time of national distress, might rise up to save a sinking state, and add their *names* to those bright luminaries I have mentioned; or many others I might add, who were not dignified by the cloth or mitre; as NEWTON, LOCKE, ADDISON, NELSON, &c. &c. These have been thought as great pillars to religion, and ornaments to learning, as any bishop that ever wrote in support of it.

Great assiduity and vigorous application, formed that constellation of perfections which shone forth in the lives and writings of these eminent men. Good sense and experience worked together in them, to inform posterity what might be done in the walks of erudition, and works of art. They were not contented to skim the surface, but they searched the depths of truth and science; and at the same time cleared the way for others, by the right road they pointed out, to those laborious minds who should, for the benefit of mankind, tread the same difficult paths.

Yet, CICERO, though I am a warm advocate for the patronage and utility of literature, I would by no means wish those persons to enter into its mazes, who have not a genius turned for it: For without *that* insuperable difficulties will arise, and every step will more and more entangle the perplexed wanderer. Speculative pride often leads weak minds into labyrinths of error, from which prudence itself cannot extricate them. A refined imagination is of little use to the possessor or society, unless it is reduced to practice; which is not always the case, with persons of strong intellectual powers. Chimerical knowledge is often a strong temptation to neglect the solid and useful in life, for what is fugitive and fleeting; and then the mechanic or husbandman, in the sphere of usefulness, rises much higher than the scholar, who spends his time in the chase of shadows, and becomes a dupe to his own understanding. The honest and industrious poor are very valuable parts of society. To them we owe the culture of the field, and, by their labour, under the blessing of Providence, our daily bread, without

without which the student can no more subsist than the tiller of the ground. Therefore, as we are much indebted to the inferior class of persons, the man of real good sense, I presume, cannot look on them with contempt.

True it is, the wisdom of the ancients, and learning of the moderns, give great improvement to the emulative mind; an improvement and pleasure too, that will accompany its admirers into the private, as well as the more public walks of life; it being observed, that where true *learning* is, true *virtue* cannot be far off: Indeed, it calls forth many virtues in an eminent degree. Patience, fortitude, resolution, humility, and charity, are often in the bright train. A love for literature charms the senses, at the same time that it refines the ideas, and mends the heart. Good breeding and civilities naturally flow from it, which few will deny who strictly observe the lives and manners of those people, whose understanding have never been improved by the writings of the mighty *dead*, or the conversation of the ingenious *living*; compared with those persons who have been

intimately acquainted with both. When we have a thorough knowledge of great characters, and hear or see their attainments, self-conceit drops her plumes, and we shrink with self-abasement at the comparison of our own littleness and shadowy merit!

Persons of contracted fortunes have it greatly to lament, that they can but seldom take a place in that good company, whose superiority of understanding and knowledge in life, enables them to impart rich streams of instruction to the thirsty mind. But when the soul cannot with propriety be gratified in such delightful society, that would cultivate the faculties and enliven its powers, we may generally call books to our aid; and when they are read with attention and due reflection, they communicate wisdom cheaply, giving the best counsel without a fee, and praise without the fulsome incense of flattery; an advantage few crowned heads receive from their first minister. These sweet unrepublishing companions are so modest in expectation, that they never rob the state by usurpation of *pension or place*, which other venal privy council

council are so avariciously grasping after. I believe you will acknowledge this to be a truth, *and pity 'tis 'tis true.* If not, freely reprove my sentiments, and you will confer one obligation more on

Your

PHILANTHEA.

L E T T E R IV.

YOUR veneration for learning, and the real honour you do to it by your sentiments and conduct, give great pleasure to your unworthy correspondent. I am only a smatterer in every thing that bears so noble a distinction, and have a very low opinion of a mere book-pedant, at the same time that I confess myself fond of reading. It is to linguists we owe the translation of the Bible itself, and the sacred important truths of the New Testament, which conveys to us the

rule of our duty, and present and future happiness. Therefore, in *general*, I must honour those for their *works sake*, who have made attainments in science, and are liberal in their communications of it for the good of society. I said *in general*, because I know some great proficient in literature, whose private conduct has brought deserved disgrace on their better knowledge. But charity should not let a respectable *body* suffer for the faults of a few individuals.

I readily agree with you, in order that learning may have the desired effect, the mind must be drawn off from folly, and prepared for erudition, to create a sympathy of taste betwixt the *author* and *reader*: Otherwise, needy writers, to sell their works, must be compelled by the supreme commands of necessity to comply with the depraved taste of the times. I have of late been frequently in bookseller's shops, when customers have come in and asked for new publications; when if any thing serious, or even *moral*, has been offered to the enquirer, it has been treated with contempt and ridicule. At the same time,

time, if a paltry novel, or the productions of a licentious muse have been tendered, they were sure to be purchased with avidity. Whilst this is a truth, as much to be lamented as it is certain, moral authors can stand but little chance for the sale of their writings; unless the *great* would vouchsafe to patronize, and bring them into fashion. The approbation of the great might soon gain many proselytes in opinion, and be a spur to worthy undertakings: For emulation is seldom wanting when liberality crowns desert; and unless good writers could receive proper encouragement from their superiors in rank, they may keep their moral sheets to hang antiquated chambers with in the country; for which purpose the history of *Tom Thumb the Great*, would do as well as *Plutarch's Lives*, or *Pliny's Epistles*.

There are many of the learned, who will not patiently hear a person, or give themselves time to investigate the merits of a *book*, before they censure the one, and condemn the other. This truth I know by experience, and confess with repentance, having been early in life

life guilty of this notorious fault of imbibing a strong prejudice against a divine, to whom I was an entire stranger, merely from his rusticity of appearance, and an unhappy cast of feature. From this I weakly imagined, his head was as vacant as his look, before he mounted the pulpit: But when I heard him from thence, never was a rash judgment more strongly convicted of its error; for St. PAUL himself, when at *Athens*, could scarcely have preached with greater force of reason, or powers of oratory! His text was concise—" *Converting the soul.*" When service was over, every tongue was copious in celebrating the praises of the preacher; and if I had not joined them, I should have been as singular as SAUL was among the prophets. Not warned by this, I afterward fell into the same error, on taking up a dirty book, without a favourable opinion of its contents from the title page: But reading some charming quotations from my LORD HALE in it, I was compelled to pass sentence against myself a second time; and I hope, for the future, I shall never presume to pass the most secret judgment,

judgment, or allow myself to condemn either men or books, till I have heard the one, and read the other, with impartiality. Candour is every person's duty to exercise, before they proceed to censure; and were this *Magna Charta* in full force, we should have one reigning law in our minds, that would render many others useless: Nay, it would bring together many persons in strict amity and similarity of taste, whom a kind of constitutional reserve on one side, and modest merit on the other, keeps at the distance of implacable enemies. Our great MILTON, you well know, lay some time on a dusty shelf, before he could be properly introduced to those persons who knew how to relish his beauties. A very humbling circumstance to that sublime genius! One might have been ready to think it would have so far damped the ardour of his muse, that Paradise would have been for ever lost—and never regained. Had persons of genius been earlier acquainted with this poet, (who is said to have felt the fire and inspiration of HOMER) they might have asked as ADDISON afterwards did;

How

How are you struck with terror and delight,
 When angel with archangel copes in fight!
 When great MESSIAH's outspread banners
 shine,
 How does the chariot rattle in his line!

It is highly satisfactory to reflect, that these descriptive beauties of a strong and refined imagination, are founded on scripture history. We read of the wars in heaven, when MICHAEL and his angels fought and prevailed against the great dragon, &c. &c.* And again; *and behold there came four chariots out from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of brass.* Milton tells us;

About his chariot numberless were pour'd,
Cberub and *seraph*, potentates and thrones,
 And virtues, wing'd spirits, and chariots wing'd
 From th' armory of God, where stand of old
 Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd

* It is the opinion of a great divine, in the present age, that the war in heaven, spoken of in the Revelation, is only a symbolical representation of events that were to happen on earth.

Against

Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand;
Celestial equipage!——

But I do not presume to expatiate on so sublime and heroic a poem as *Paradise Lost*. Some part of its mysterious beauties I cannot understand: Those I do, to express myself in MILTON's own language on the glories of the firmament, are fraught

With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere.——

ADDISON's criticism is a charming key to unlock many parts of this master-piece of poetry! At least it is to me; but I have heard those of great leisure, who rank high in life, profess themselves intire strangers to both these celebrated authors. I was at first surprized at this declaration from persons of masculine sense; but I know not why I should, when the rattling of a dye, or the exhibition of painted pasteboard, can so attract the *ear*, and dazzle the *eye*, that the music of the spheres, or a constellation of heavenly beauties, is lost upon its votaries.

But

But as gaming has no charms for me, I will not enlarge upon its enchantment to others.

I should be happy to benefit by your advice, in making myself acquainted with civil history; that is the great store-house of valuable observation, and especially of moral observation; but as *geography* and *chronology* are called its two eyes, I want those to read it with; and temple-glasses will not supply the dimness of the optic nerve in that particular; Therefore you must not expect more from me in this respect, than falls within the narrow circle of my own *observation*, or the common occurrences of female life. I admire learning as some persons do virtue, more in speculation than practice; and I find I should more strictly have examined the weak powers of my mind, before I entered the lists with you on that extensive topic.

My thoughts are at present so fleeting and incoherent, that one seems to chace and extinguish another; and I am afraid of entering upon literature, lest I should run upon shoals in that dangerous and deep océan! I may have some ideas floating in the suburbs of my brain, but I find it a difficulty to reduce them

them to useful order. A wilderness of thoughts wants a skilful gardener to cultivate and water the flowers and herbs, and at the same time to destroy the weeds or tares, which will suck the nurture of the ground from the wholesome vegetables.

Your sex, CICERO, has great advantage over ours, in being able to touch every point of the compass in literature: But no matter, the female sphere is domestic, and the practice of our duty in that province, should be our highest ambition.—Yet I must own, I am in this respect sometimes a rebel to the authority of my own judgment; and I should be glad to hold an ink-stand, or book, to the *literati*, (might I be permitted) that I might occasionally hear their conversation. I have a greater desire to be at that entertainment than a Lord Mayor's feast; but as I cannot enjoy it, I content myself to pass my leisure hours in the calm society of *books*: And I am certain, they have influenced me more to adhere to the literal sense of my baptismal vow, than any instructions from my godfathers, or godmothers, when they became respon-

responsible for me in my infancy at the *font*. But I fancy I should have acquired more external riches, had I renounced *books* at that time of life, when I was to be answerable for myself, in renouncing the pomps and vanities of this world, &c. &c. However, these monitors do not upbraid me with any errors that inexperience may have led me into, but diligently direct me to avoid them for the future.

It is said of a predecessor of your's, the renowned CICERO, that he solemnly declared to his intimate friends, *that he was no where so happy as among his books or papers*: Though his inclinations to philosophy were strong, and his abilities to teach the world very great! yet we are assured he always preferred doing well to writing well, and sacrificed his own humour (the most difficult self-denial, because a continual one) to the public service, and the safety of his country. But when he could not, by unremitting labour, answer his wishes that way, he found that consolation in his library the world did not afford him out of it. As a rational being, CICERO well
knew

knew he was designed for action, and not to waste his life in meditation *only*: Therefore it was his laudable ambition, if he could not do at all times what deserved to be written, that he would write what deserved to be read. An active mind must be employed; and if it don't exert itself in being useful to others, in a public or private capacity, its powers will languish, and it will become a burden to itself.

Writing I look upon to be an arduous task! for every species of it requires extensive knowledge on the subjects it treats of. To give it weight and lustre, the *petala* is requisite as well as the *stamina*, which every author cannot acquire. But when learning comes into the world thus adorned, what mind capable of sensibility can refuse its suffrage in its favour? How does it sublimiate the ideas to read MILTON with due attention? How does it elevate the soul above the low concerns of life, and make it aspire to that state where we all hope to be admitted! I own, when I am absorbed in contemplations of this nature, I am so transported in thought, that,

that I could wish for the wings of an angel to ascend into the celestial mansions, there to converse with those beatified spirits, from which the poet draws his imaginary conversation. From these recluse *reveries* I am reminded of my mortality, by an unwelcome summons to dinner and company, which I must immediately attend, and conclude myself,

Your's,

PHILANTHEA.

LETTER V.

ON THE BENEFITS OF LEARNING IN SOLITUDE.

IT might be a relief to you, that I was obliged to conclude my last so abruptly, by a summons to company, which dissipated my thoughts for that day, and some succeeding ones, on the subject I was treating of.

However, now I am left to myself, (like a true woman) I am willing to have the last word with you on the benefits of learning in solitude. I intirely agree with your sentiments on that head, and consider learning, in many respects, as a fruitful source of new pleasures:—Reading certainly is a means of laying in a stock of mental food, for that season of life when we cannot go abroad in quest of it, *because the grasshopper shall be a burthen, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low*: A period which requires great support from religion and philosophy to bear with chearfulness. Otherwise, a dread vacuity of mind will take place, and make even the most useful learning appear formidable; when a more intimate acquaintance with the pleasing guest, would prove very advantageous to sooth the melancholy hours of affliction, or support those of solitude. The latter we are frequently obliged to sustain through a kind of necessity: Nor can we fly from it when we please out of doors, though it will not afford us entertainment within. In this situation, dissipation is too frequently
courted

courted to alleviate the gloom incident to some constitutions, or congenial to some vices.

But whatever temporary relief dissipation may afford to the vigour of youth, and ardour of manhood, it will not give the same pleasure to advanced age. Mental observation will then rise in delight as juvenile spirits subside; and reading and reflection will then afford that consolation which gay amusements cannot give. Therefore to neglect the cultivation of the mind in juvenile years, has in some sort the same effect as neglecting to feed the body: A languor must ensue in both, which leads to a fatal tendency; besides, we ought to consider, that if we refuse to exert our faculties in the degree they are given at a vigorous time of life, the talents may be taken from us at a season when we shall most want them, and have the most poignant sense of their deprivation. It is not an observation of yesterday, that learning enlivens our capacities, strengthens our memory, enriches conversation, and is the best antidote against those numerous ills which poison the cup of temporal

temporal felicity. When directed to its proper end, it is the parent of virtue, and nurse of thought: Science is its offspring, and wisdom its companion; and these fair daughters generally recline in the arms of peace.

Providence leads us, by different methods, to be useful in different ways; and if it has not cast our lot in active life, persons who are happy in intellectual endowments, should not (as I observed before) let their faculties rust, lest we incur that heavy punishment of becoming a burden to ourselves. Learning I esteem as a kind of *treasury*, or *bank*, which we may draw upon with ease. But whatever is a man's fortune, he cannot always command his company or recreation, when he may his book; nor can he dismiss the former so much at his pleasure as the latter. Many of the arts are indeed good substitutes, and afford much pleasing entertainment. But then these objects of rational delight, can only be enjoyed in particular situations. A harpsichord or organ, a piece of painting, sculpture, or statuary, cannot well be bounded within the narrow confines of a

gentleman's pocket, which a book may, and be a right-hand friend at home, or a traveling companion abroad ; and contribute both to his entertainment and improvement, by harmonizing his mind, elevating his hopes, and soothing his passions.

It is every person's duty to keep the mind as easy as possible in every state : Else why do we gratify the child in a change of toys, when its innocent simplicity is only capable of finding beauty in a straw, or music in a key ? But these trifles cannot amuse us beyond our infant state : The boy is disgusted with it, and the man calls for still nobler recreations. Robust exercise succeeds ; but that will not do for weak hands and feeble knees, which accompany the last stage of life : Then the produce of learning and reading is an amazing consolation ! but the seeds must be sown in youth, otherwise the fruits cannot be gathered in age. And what fruits can be gathered from a trifling kind of reading, which leaves nothing for the mind to feed on ? Life is far too short and precious to be wasted in mere amusement, which does
but

but in a manner pamper us for a sacrifice, by destroying the seeds of fortitude and virtue.

A well-educated mind, will often afford a sumptuous treat to its happy possessor even in solitude, which gives opportunity for a more copious range of thought, on subjects which ennoble human nature.—Retirement nourishes those habits and sentiments which reason dictates, and procures to the soul that sovereignty which is due to her; but which it is hard to secure in a free-commerce with the world, which, like an arbitrary monarch, will usurp such power, that it frequently invades her rights.

Every species of learning has been deemed by ingenious persons an improvement to human nature, but that knowledge is most excellent, which bears its wing to heaven. The use of contemplation, and enlarged reading or study, may at present be veiled to our eyes, yet its utility may be great, and lead to some important use, of which we can at present have no idea; it being seldom known that youthful vivacity looks forward to those dark days, *when, we shall say we have no pleasure in*

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them.

them. There are numbers of persons, whom Providence has blessed with affluence and leisure for improving their minds, who are as totally illiterate as those whom fortune hath chained to the rough rock of rigid necessity! This class of beings may rather be said to breathe than live: They have not one spark of any thing liberal or useful to animate the mind, but slumber away their life in a supine indolence; and prove their existence by the same arguments by which ALEXANDER knew he was not a *God*, i. e. “by his propensity to hunger, thirst, sleep, and intemperance.”

This distinction I observed to take the lead of all others, in two families I lately visited. The first was Sir JEFFERY SHALLOW and his lady, who entertained me with nothing else but a repetition of eating and drinking: For after the honours of the table were done, MORPHEUS drew his wand over the eyes of this noble pair, and they oft times continued in their leaden slumber till the introduction of tea. After that was over, a dead calm succeeded again, except a little bluster to the
servants

servants intervened. Books I dared not mention to the baronet; work his lady could not bear; and as my fondness for both seemed to excite the wonder and displeasure of my friends, I shortened my stay at their seat, to visit JEMMY SAUNTER and his fair spouse. They abounded in worldly wealth, but—I must not go further.—Yes I may, for their house was nobly furnished, and I was obligingly shewed all their plate, trinkets, and expensive attire. I exhausted all the fine things I was able to say in its praise: But this being the only theme for conversation, as the novelty subsided the joy was lost with me; and finding myself incapable of inventing more panegyric to offer at this shrine of vanity, I endeavoured to divert myself with a little girl, and to fathom the depth of her capacity. But the most I could get her to say was, *my mama is a lady of fortune*, which she had made a little song of; and it was so often reverberated in my ear, that I wished, for the sake of the mother, as well as the daughter, her fortune had lain more in her mind. I laughed with the little parents of this little

child as often as I could, because I found her company was all their amusement; and in her absence, like the worthy knight and his lady, they took refuge in two elbow chairs, and gave way to the leaden god. I parted from them with pity. What can such persons do in old age, that indulge such an apathy of soul in youth, but grow wearisome to each other, and useless to society? This kind of languishing repose, hath been rightly called *the sepulchre of a living person*; and I think PRIOR has exactly struck off such characters, in his humourous epitaph on fauntering JOHN and idle JOAN:

They liv'd a kind of—as it were;
 They paid the church and parish rate;
 They took,—but read not the receipt;
 For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
 Of slumb'ring in an upper pew, &c. &c.

I will not, CICERO, obtrude farther on your patience, by a repetition of such insipid characters, that seem to be in their dotage before they have gained their zenith. When
 faculties

faculties are thus immured in a prison, we know not what they are ; but when they are sent abroad in useful action, we know, like *fame*, they will increase and strengthen on the road, and come in untired at the last stage of their journey.

I am confirmed in this opinion, by the long intimacy I have been honoured with from the social and instructive SERENA, whom I never can approach but with the utmost degree of heart-felt reverence. This venerable friend is now on the verge of fourscore. I lately made her a morning visit, and found her, as usual, polite, chearful, and obliging, but without any other company than what her library afforded her. Our conversation happening to turn on poetry, she repeated DRYDEN's celebrated Ode on St. CÆCILIA's Day, with great propriety and harmony of voice ; and afterwards another in Pindaric verse, of a superior length. But her strength of memory is not so great as her strength of judgment. With all the dignity of sentiment, and energy of thought, SERENA enters into the distinct merits of the most admired au-

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thors,

thors, both ancient and modern, and expatiates upon their several beauties with amazing accuracy; and then adds, how much books sweeten and improve her decline of life, and hours of solitude. Her reflections on the advantages of reading, brings to my mind a paraphrase of the celebrated passage of TULLY, in his oration for ANCHISES the poet:

In life's luxuriant prime, when young and
gay,
With heedless joy we chace the hours away;
The growing manners these kind studies form,
Th' expanding mind with great ideas warm;
To virtue's noble paths the soul invite,
And yield at once both profit and delight.
When age, with swift-wing'd time advancing,
spreads
His hoary mantle o'er our rev'rend heads,
These studies still a thousand pleasures give,
And teach us now to die,—as once to live.
And when adversity around us lours,
And various evil in one torrent pours,
By these assisted we superior rise,
And all the threat'ning storms of life despise.

Or

Or when prosperity, with chearing smiles,
Shortens our moments, and our thoughts beguiles ;

The conscious heart through them new pleasure knows,

And with abundant blessings overflows.

To ev'ry golden hour new charms they lend,

By day amuse us, and by night attend ;

At home, abroad, their pleasures still we find,

To calm, to teach, and to direct the mind.

If we to rural fields, or groves repair,

To taste the sweets, and breathe a milder air ;

Attending constantly our steps they're found,

To shed their kindest influence around.

And though we leave our pleasing native home,

And through uncultivated desarts roam ;

Around a thousand joys these studies pour,

And make a wilderness POMONA'S bow'r.

Such is the effect enlarged study has had
on my valuable friend SERENA. Yet with all
the powers of learning and rhetoric, when
in conversation with younger persons,
she does not obtrude the scholar till she has
first distinguished the taste and genius of her
D 5 company.

company. If they are of a literary turn, the sublimity of her judgment soon discovers itself in that way: Otherwise, her modesty is such, that it conceals the treasures of her mind, till the key of encouragement is held out to her to unlock her cabinet of intellectual riches. Nor is SERENA a mere bookworm, but has filled all the stations of domestic life with high honour, in the several characters of wife, mother, and friend. In the two former, her trials have been as arduous, as her conduct exemplary. She repines not at ungenerous treatment, nor at the deprivations of fortune, which was great in her own right, but which now is sunk so low, that it lately made my noble friend resign her chariot, to support an unfortunate branch of her family, whose distress she could not prevent. Yet her nervous piety and fortitude are such, that she has borne some of the greatest shocks in human nature, with calmness and resignation. I will not enter into particulars, it would make too sad, too tender a story! But it extorts admiration and pity from me, and I am astonished to see such a philosophic soul inhabit

inhabit such a weak form. She strengthens my mind by her counsel, improves it by her communications, and inspires it with emulation by her example. She points out to me the great advantage of storing the mind with useful learning, which, in some sort, disarms age of its usual attendants, restlessness and languor, which are very wearisome guests to persons who have no taste for literature. But to those who have made acquisitions in science, reading will greatly promote their felicity, when friends and fortune forsake them.

In short, the true lustre of SERENA'S character is such, in every line of female duty, and lasting accomplishments, that I am incapable of doing justice to it by the feeble efforts of my pen. This heroine exercised as much humility in an elevated station of life, when caressed by all the blandishments of fortune, as she does now in more adverse circumstances. She often puts me in mind of PANDORA'S box, where hope was still left at the bottom. Wisdom seemed to be her birth-right, for it has given her such an evenness of temper, that no cross accidents can ruffle,

nor passions inflame. Religion in her is exalted reason, refined and sifted from all superstition and flights of enthusiasm. The greatest effect I can observe that old age has made on this good lady, is, the happy tendency it has had to deaden her sensations to transitory enjoyment, and to cast anchor on the shore of immutable felicity. I already begin to look on her as a being of a superior order to the human; and I hope, whenever it shall please God to call her from this mortal state, she will, by an easy transition, become an angel of light.

I should not have dwelt so long on the character of my venerable friend, did it not do so much honour to learning, virtue, and religion, that I imagined it would raise in you that sensible delight, which it has made me to experience. Permit me to conclude it with an apostrophe from the son of SIRACH.

“ Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth
“ away; yet she is easily seen of them that
“ love her, and found of such as seek her.
“ She preventeth them that desire her, in
“ making herself first known unto them.
“ He

“ He that seeketh her early, shall have no
“ great travel, for he shall find her at his
“ doors. To think therefore upon her is
“ perfection of wisdom, and whoso watcheth
“ for her shall quickly be without care. For
“ she goeth about seeking such as are worthy
“ of her, shewing herself favourable unto
“ them in the ways, and meeteth them in
“ every thought.”

It would be folly for me to add more, than
that I am

Your's,

PHILANTHEA.

THE

T H E

ECSTATIC SURPRIZE:

OCCASIONED BY SEEING A VENERABLE FRIEND,
WHOSE DEATH THE AUTHOR HAD HEARD
PUBLICLY and PRIVATELY ANNOUNCED.

AS late I wander'd from St. PETER's dome,
Where miter'd priests and scepter'd hero's come,
To lay their honours on a bed of clay,
Regardless what the trump of fame will say;
My soul was wrapt in philosophic lore,
Contemplating the wrecks of grandeur o'er!
When looking up, SERENA's house I view'd,
And mem'ry strong, my pensive woes renew'd.
Is that, I cry'd, "the mansion, which so late
Contain'd the soul of wisdom?—Mournful fate
That I survive! Now my SERENA's dead,
And her immortal part's to glory fled!
That dear MINERVA*! that instructive friend,
Who freely us'd to me sweet council lend!

* I need not inform my learned reader, by MINERVA is meant the
Goddess of Wisdom.

But

But cease reflection,—veil thy recent grief,
And haste to LAURA*, she will give relief
By her description, how religion's pow'r
Aided SERENA in her solemn hour."

The faithful LAURA met my trembling feet,
And silent led me to a lonely seat,
Where fix'd in stupid lethargy, my mind
To gloomy contemplation was confin'd;
To musing melancholy left alone,
Each object seem'd to say, "SERENA'S gone."
The busts and statues that appear'd in view,
Once prone to please, now sad ideas drew;
For each with me reclin'd their drooping head,
And silent bade me mourn their *mistress dead*!
I too, like them, was dumb in pensive woe!
Sighs were suppress'd, nor tears had power to flow.
The silver *Thames*—that once like limpid stream,
Gave tranquil joy, bright as AURORA'S beam,
Now roll'd tempestuous, like the briny deep!
And his rough waves seem'd o'er the house to weep!
And surge on surge succeeded, till the flood
Heighten'd my anguish, and appall'd I stood,
Invoking that blest Pow'r who calms the seas,
In a still voice, to hush my soul to ease;
To give a feeling joy in this sad hour,
And by some token manifest his pow'r.
When lo!—appear'd the harbinger of peace,
Whose chearful eyes bade anxious sorrow cease.

* SERENA'S attendant.

Laura:

Laura re-ent'ring, brought me to a room
 That instantly dispell'd my latent gloom :
 But oh ! what words, what language can impart
 The glad surprize that flutt' red round my heart,
 When there I saw my dear SERENA !—bright
 As smiling PHOEBUS in meridian height !
 Cheerful as goodness, as religion sweet !
 Enchantments sure, I cry'd, “ my senses meet.
 Can forms celestial thus assume our clay,
 And in majestic shade their charms display ?
 Their glories veil—their radiant wings conceal,
 Angels descend—to me this truth reveal ?
 Mysterious doubts you can with ease explain,
 And calm the tumults of my lab'ring brain.
 This seeming resurrection clouds my sense,
 And holds my soul in awe and wild suspense !
 All words and metaphors are weak to tell
 The hopes and fears that in my bosom dwell.”
 —Methought a sound angelic charm'd mine ear,
 And bade me to SERENA's form draw near ;
 Assur'd me 'twas herself I'd so much mourn'd,
 My woes were hush'd,—and doubts to rapture turn'd.

Humid libations now your streams give o'er,
 Or fraught with thankfulness flow freely more,
 Since *life inspires* ; and not *death* rolls along
 The murm'ring cadence of this reverse song.

Thus, when a Godlike prince quits Britain's throne,
 His death's resounded by a nation's groan !
 But quick, th'assembl'd courtiers change their lay,
 And to the living monarch homage pay,

Thus

Thus great example for my strains are seen,
When *here* I celebrate fair virtue's queen!

Not fam'd ULYSSES, when return'd from Troy
To his PENELOPE, felt greater joy,
When he beheld the glory of her race,
And clasp'd her fervent in a soul's embrace!
Not the blind wand'rer, when the rays of light
First strikes with ecstasy his ravish'd sight;
Nor yet the captive in strong fetters bound,
When first he hath his wish'd-for freedom found!
Nor tender mothers, that with panting breath
Rescue their first-born from the jaws of death,
Could e'er more rapture feel, more joy supreme,
Than at that instant thro' my soul did beam;
When ample demonstration made me know
This blissful truth,——SERENA dwells below.
Yet, list'ning angels might with pleasure hear
SERENA's converse in this clouded sphere;
So soft her strains, so high, yet so resign'd,
Even here the embody'd soul is much refin'd!
The faint mounts forward to the realms of light,
And seems t' anticipate her heav'nly flight.

One wish remains:——Whene'er thy chariot flies,
To wheel its circle round the upper skies,
Leave me thy *mantle*,—that bright azure robe,
T' inspire my spirit on this lower globe;
Or draw me to thee, with celestial nod,
And prostrate at thy side, teach me to adore my God.

PHILANTHEA.

TO

T O

S E V E R U S :

ON THE GRACE AND PROPRIETY OF DANCING.

YOU do me honour, in desiring my opinion in regard to the propriety of gentlemen in years entering an assembly room in company with youth, or apprentices? And asking, at the same time, what I have to say in favour of dancing? which I find you disapproved, as thinking it encourages too great an intimacy between the sexes.

To your first query I reply, I cannot think it derogatory, in respect to the approved sense of men of years and understanding, to be seen in the company of modest youth, at any time or place. The patronage of their appearance in select society, must be a pleasing sanction to those who look up to them for protec-

protection ; and the reverence due to seniority, is, or ought to be, a check to every degree of licentious mirth, in those whose tide of vivacity runs high : But in mixed or select society, the eyes of the spectators enjoins a decorum which no one dares to violate ; and therefore I presume, a common good is to be answered by the presence of respectable characters, in these juvenile assemblies : Besides, a parent's or master's eye may be a safeguard to the daughters, at the same time that it is a check to the sons. Time, SEVERUS, has great advantage in observations, which should be communicative for the good of the public. 'Tis natural for the young and gay to seek amusement ; and if they are denied it in rational company, they may probably seek it where it is less justifiable. The entertainment of HORACE and PLUTARCH is expressed in the old man's wish ; I do not remember it in the young one's, though doubtless it may give rational pleasure to both.

In regard to apprentices and youth, I cannot see a reason why their state of servitude or minority should be an objection to their
being

being allowed every decent freedom. Who can acquire a trade or science, without some close application to it? Surely this state of subjection (which is but the school of art) casts no more reflection on the man, than the infant state of weakness in children, who learn to walk before they can run, does upon the adult. The apprentice is only a servant during the time he is bound to learn his future trade, and afterwards may be thought to be upon an equality with his master: For what reason then should a youth be treated with neglect or contempt, merely on this account, who may have equal worth, dignity, and principle, if not superior, to his lordly master? Boys are generally put apprentices, or clerks, at the age of fourteen; and if they are never to dance afterwards, this expence might be spared in their education: The fondness for this exercise will of itself abate, when the cares of life take place, the ship comes to be deeper laden, and the man is called upon to act in those important characters, which will employ both head and heels. What the wise man calls *follies*, will then sink of
gained them-

themselves. In the mean time, youth, who may one day become valuable members of society, should be encouraged in every thing that is laudable or innocent, within proper restrictions, till the mind blossoms in actions of a richer colour, or more general utility.

But though I have pleaded so warmly for the modest and deserving youths being treated with respect and freedom, during his state of servitude in his master's house, or any select society of good company; yet surely we ought not to risk the morals of our youth in the dangerous herd of association, with you know not what, nor whom. I have not one plea to make for the riotous meetings of those deluded and unhappy creatures, who are the votaries of BACCHUS, noise, and tumult. No prudent man will give a sanction to these nocturnal revels; the bane of society, and the shame of the metropolis! Where nothing can be expected but loud disgusting mirth, prodigality, and other enormities; and too often swearing and gaming bring up the rear of those crimes, which ought never to be suffered in a civilized country.

But

But these excesses are seldom known in ladies company, which will strengthen my arguments in favour of dancing; as it leads to that good breeding, or kind of gallantry, which is best acquired in a virtuous commerce with our sex, of which dancing generally makes a part in juvenile life. I do not now speak of it as an exercise, which, of itself, contributes to health, and to exhilarate the spirits; nor yet as a science, though it is allowed to be such: But I would wish to plead for dancing as a liberal art, that renders persons of different sexes agreeable to each other: For I cannot coincide with you, that it promotes too great intimacies; under proper restraints it cannot. Every liberty may be abused, but that will not argue for its expulsion, but regulation. No one but a *Monk*, or a *Cynic*, would debar the sexes of some society with each other: For supposing the natural and innocent intercourse should end in marriage; if a prudent choice, who can with propriety blame it? To condemn a sacred institution, is to reflect upon our parents, to whom we owe our existence: Besides, Hymen

is said to be a revengeful deity, and will oft times retaliate the most cruel scorn on those that are known to despise its rites. You tell me, SEVERUS, there is no authority for dancing in the New Testament: True; I remember but one, and that does not make for my argument, as it seemed only to display the wanton allurements of beauty, and so cruel a purpose was answered by it, that it made even the heart of a HEROD to relent! But at the same time you must allow, there are many precedents for dancing in the Old Testament, and much said for it likewise in prophane history. The Benjamites chose their *wives*, and the Romans did *theirs*, at a *dance*: And though the ladies, on either occasions, might not be treated with the respect due to our sex, nor paid a proper court to; for, as MILTON justly observes, *Woman should be woo'd, and not unsought be won* (much less taken violently): Yet though rudely seized in wedlock, afterwards we do not hear of any complaints or remonstrances made to fathers or friends; but as good wives ought, they endeavoured to civilize their *husbands*, and reconcile contending parties.

DAVID,

DAVID *, the great king of Judah and Israel, was fond of this science ; and the Israel-
itish

* We may learn from scripture, that dancing was formerly as regular and solemn a part of the divine and ceremonial part of worship, as the hymns themselves. In Spain and in Portugal, even to this moment, on the eve of certain festivals, the young people are used to assemble before the church door, (and more anciently in the choir of the church itself) and pass the whole night in dancing, and singing hymns, to the honour of the saint, whose festival was to be celebrated the next day. Such was the custom, in general, of the primitive church, being doubtless retained from the heathen, (like so many other of their customs, which were thus sanctified to a better use) until the christian religion being at length more firmly established, the bishops and councils have almost every where prevailed for the suppression of it. Easter-day was one of the principal festivals celebrated in this manner. One of the dances, the most practised, was the *Bergeretta*. In fair weather the field, or outside of the church, was occasionally preferred ; but if it rained, the choir, or nave, was used. There are rituals of very modern date, containing the order of the dances that were performed, and the words of the hymns composed on that occasion : Therefore it is evident, however dancing may at this time carry with it the ideas of ludicrous levity, and frivolous entertainment, it was formerly considered in a light of dignity and elevation.—At an
assembly

itish virgins was renowned for their proficiency in it. Nor do I remember it imputed as a crime to either. The ancients were much celebrated in their exercise of it. We are told likewise, it was not deemed beneath the wisdom of a SOCRATES, to learn to dance when upwards of threescore. HOMER himself approved it, and calls MERION *a fine dancer*; and says, that the graceful mien and great agility he had acquired in that exercise, distinguished him above the rest, in the armies both of Greeks and Trojans. This Mr. ADDISON tells us, who gave a warm suffrage in its favour, and quoted numbers of persons of renown to support his opinion*.

And

assembly of ceremony, during the famous council of Trent, the grave, the solemn PHILIP the Eleventh of Spain, opened the ball with the Cardinal of Mantua.

Vide Critical Observations on the Art of Dancing.

By *Gioranni Andrea Gallini*: A book that is very copious on the rise and institution of ancient dances, and instructive in the modern.

* Dancing was allowed by the ancients to form the body to strength, to agility, to grace. It awakened and preserved in the soul the sentiment of harmony and proportion. It embraced all the parts of gesture, or
 VOL. I. E action.

And I remember the great General WOLFE to have been much admired for his talent in
this

action. In the times of PLATO, the art of dancing had, among the Greeks, such a character of nobility, of perfection, and even utility, as now-a-days is no longer found in it, or allowed to it. It became an essential part of the religious ceremonies, and military exercises. In PLATO's time dancing admitted of three divisions: First, military dances; second, domestic, or joyous; third, middle dances, in expiations and solemn sacrifices, or festivals. It obtained a place among the institutes of Lycurgus, where different parts of the military dance were assigned to the old, the middle ages, and the young. It was even one of the religious ceremonies in the Temple of Jerusalem. The ancients, whose taste and good sense led them to make even diversions and relaxations from toil and labour contribute to the public utility, soon perceived that dancing added a beauty to the body, giving at once strength and grace to it; and withal, an alacrity of motion which made it sprightly, active, and consequently fit for the exercises of war: For which reason the government itself made it an object of its attention and concern. Of all the Greeks, the Spartans were those who most cultivated the Pyrrhic dance, which, according to PLUTARCH, was instituted by LYCURGUS himself; and parents were obliged by law to exercise their children at it, from the age of five years old: This warlike people, constantly
retaining

this science likewise: But he was generally ambitious to gain a tall, graceful woman to his partner, as well as a good dancer; and when he was honoured with the hand of such a *lady*, the fierceness of the soldier was absorbed in the politeness of the gentleman. When thus innocently animated, the general seemed emulous to display every kind of virtue or galantry, that would render him amiable in a private character. Such a serene joy was diffused over his whole manners, mien, and deportment, that it gave the most agreeable turn to the features of that hero, who died for his country! A love for the

retaining the custom of accompanying their dances with hymns and songs. This dance, they say, was composed of three choirs; the one of children, another of young men, and the third of old. The old men opened the dance, saying,

In time past we were valiant.

We are so at present,

was the response of the young.

We shall be still more so, when our time comes,

replied the chorus of the children.

Vide Critical Observations on the Art of Dancing.

By Giovanni Andrea Gallini.

softer amusements, is by no means synonymous with intrigue: Even the scholar will allow his advantages from it; and few wise men are superior to it: And I believe nothing more contributes to soften the sons of MARS, NEPTUNE, or the uncouthness of the NIMROD race, than a virtuous attachment to our sex in general, or to one object in particular.

You wonder, SEVERUS, that I am so warm an advocate for dancing, when I was never known, at any period of life, to be fond of it myself. I am sorry you think me so illiberal, as not to be capable of admiring in others, what I cannot imitate, for want of a judicious ear in music. I have lately been at a public ball at an eminent boarding-school, where the senior scholars performed with high eclat: Indeed, there was such a dignity of manner, accompanying the bloom of youth and beauty, that I think it impossible for the greatest libertine to have approached those persons with impurity of thought, in whom so many graces were united. The little innocents, likewise gave their full quota to the entertainment, by their elegance of motion
and

and manner, by which the sweet creatures seemed amply to demonstrate, their minds and persons were improving together. I assure you, SEVERIUS, there were many persons of distinction as spectators, who seemed highly pleased with the entertainment. Even divines, of high rank and character, smiled their approbation of that accomplishment you think meanly of.

Before I conclude, let me appeal to your veracity, SEVERIUS, if it does not argue a want of memory, to forget that what was pleasing to you in the juvenile time of life, may be equally so to your son at this period? Every thing around us in motion, either in trade, politics, cabinet, or council. And why may not dancing come in for its share?

“ Our British sailors keep the peace,

“ By squadrons dancing on the seas;

“ All nature is one ball we find,

“ The weather dances to the wind;

“ The sea itself, at night and noon,

“ Rises, and capers to the moon:

“ The moon about the earth doth tread

“ A Cheshire round, yet ne’er looks red:

“ The earth and planets, round the sun,
“ Dance on ; nor will their dance be done,
“ Till nature in one mass is blended,
“ Then may one say, the ball is ended.”

I believe, my friend SEVERIUS will never
more wish to take me out for so long a dance.
I have, in time, and out of time, hobbled
to the bottom ; and am,

Your humble servant,

PHILANTHEA.

ON SEEING
MR. GALLINI'S
SCHOLARS DANCE,
AT OXFORD-HOUSE.

WOULD the Aonian maids deign t' inspire,
To thee, GALLINI, I would string my lyre ;
In tuneful strains I'd celebrate that art,
Which excites transport in thy vot'ry's heart !
Dancing's a science,—wise men still agree,
And to perfection brought—must own by thee.
With such nice order thy fair troops advance,
We see how genius common acts enhance :
(Such graceful ease trips o'er th' enamour'd ground,
We scarce perceive the touch in airy round.)
By thy tuition dancing is refin'd,
And emblematic of a noble mind !
Not greater skill vibrates the artist's lance,
Than graceful movements in thy mystic dance :
Such elegant manœuvres round us rise,
Each action raises in us soft surprize ;
Bright DEVON'S charms, and RUTLAND'S here display'd,
In imitation by each beauteous maid.

80 *On seeing Mr. Gallini's Scholars dance, &c.*

Ye statesmen, watchful of your country's weal;
Ye lawyers, that for *self* and *client* feel,
Leave, for a night, the senate and the hall,
To taste true pleasure at GALLINI's ball.
Let wrangling wits contend for wrong or right,
Here THURLOW's *self* might revel in delight.

And you, sweet nymphs, so emulous to please,
With DEVON's dignity, and RUTLAND's ease;
Let conscious virtue, glowing in your face,
Confess, that dancing gives a fresher grace
To those exterior charms, by nature giv'n,
'T'adorn the fairest workmanship of heav'n.

PHILANTHEA.

O N

B E A U T Y:

B Y A N O B L E M A N.

ENchanting nymph, of heavenly birth;
Celestial beauty, sent on earth
To smoothe our toils, our cares, our strife,
And gild the gloom that saddens life:
Thine empire countless millions own,
And every clime reveres thy throne.
Whate'er pursuits mankind engage,
From frolick youth to serious age,
To thy resistless power they bow,
While nature prompts the artless vow.
Lur'd by the hopes thy smiles can give,
For thee the wretch endures to live:
To gain thy praise his valour's meed;
For thee the hero dares to bleed:
Intic'd by thee to happier dreams,
Ambition drops his airy schemes;
To purchase thee, (from cavern deep,
The miser brings his treasur'd heap)

The sage, with reason's boasted arms,
A while may combat beauties charms;
But soon a bursting sigh will prove,
That reason never conquer'd love.
If e'er I bow'd before thy shrine,
And hail'd thy power with rites divine,
Oh blest enchantress deign to tell,
In what consists thy magic spell?—
Is it an eye, whose sparkling rays
Eclipse the di'mond's fainter blaze?
A cheek that shames the vernal rose?
A breast that vies with mountain snows?
A mouth that smiles with matchless grace?
Like pearls within a ruby case:
A form like that, which once was seen
On Ida, when the Cyprian Queen
Disclos'd her charms to mortal eyes,
Contending for the golden prize?—
These may our warmest passions fire,
And kindle every fierce desire;
But love, upheld by these alone,
Must soon resign his tottering throne,
And holds a poor precarious sway,
The short-liv'd tyrant of a day;
Or e'en to form a nymph complete,
If all the various charms could meet,
That each divided bosom warm,
And every throbbing pulse alarm:
When JOHNSON, MEYNELL, PITT advance,
And WROUGHTON joins the sprightly dance;

And.

And lovely SPENCER, mild and fair,
Comes blushing forth with HEBE's air :
Yet these were vain, unless with these
Were join'd the secret power to please ;
That nameless something—undefin'd—
That soft effusion of the mind !
Which sweetly smiles in every face,
To every motion lends a grace ;
And when their beauty points a dart,
Impels, and guides it to the heart.
In vain the stealing hand of time
May pluck the blossoms of their prime ;
Envy may talk of bloom decay'd,
How lilies droop, and roses fade ;
But constancy's unalter'd truth,
Regardless of the vows of youth ;
Affection, that recalls the past,
And bids the pleasing influence last,
And still preserve the lover's flame,
In every scene of life the same :
And still with fond endearment blend,
The Wife, the Mistress, and the Friend.

TO A
N O B L E M A N,
O N H I S
M A R R I A G E.

W H I L E numbers D—EY's happy choice ap-
prove,

And bend with tribute of a grateful love ;
Will you, my Lord, permit an humble maid,
To whom the Muses never lent their aid,
In artless measures, mingling with the throng,
To sing her simple and unpolish'd song ?

My language issues *purely* from the heart ;
The flow'rs of rhet'ric,—ornaments of art,
I leave to poets, that sublimely sing,
Inspir'd by draughts from the Pierian spring :
Much more presumptuous—would be my aim,
Should I—to heav'nly diction lay a claim :
To you, my Lord, that language is made known,
Who lately made a nymph *divine* your own.
Celestial gift ! whose worth surpasses far
The precious rubies, or the di'monds glare.

Beauty's

Beauty's her *least* perfection :—Tho' confest,
 So bright a form might charm a *Seraph's** breast ;
 When all the graces of a noble mind,
 Are to so exquisite a beauty join'd ;
 When noble birth, and nobler virtue meet ;
 When solid sense, when temper mild and sweet ;
 When truth, when faith, when honour all unite ;
 When wit refin'd, and manners most polite ;
 When all these gifts of person, mind, and blood,
 Render your *consort* fair, and great, and good :
 I say again, such pow'rful charms may move
 A holy *Cherub's*, or a *Seraph's* love.

But since accomplishments so much refin'd,
 Are to this drossy earth awhile confin'd ;
 To martial glory bred, and great in arms,
 Behold !—a noble Peer bows to their charms :
 To such resistless force the hero yields,
 And leaves to *rougher* souls the crimson fields.
 Distinguish'd excellence he knows to prize,
 “ And justly scorns those brutes, that rudely wise,
 “ The whole creation's fairest part despise.” }
 Hail ! wedded love ! where Hymen's silken bands,
 In closest ties, join'd hearts as well as hands !
 Hail ! noble, happy pair ! as saints above,
 In blessed union, may you live and love ;
 In mutual fondness, long, long may you live
 Possess'd of ev'ry joy this world can give.
 And when death summons, may you, hand in hand,
 Finish your course, and reach the promis'd land.

* Alluding to this nobleman's desiring the author to give him a definition of cherubims and seraphims.

Hail !

Hail! noble youth!—Hail, noble, lovely fair!
All hail for ever! noble, happy pair!

Hark!—whisp'ring zephyrs sweetly sound the tale
Thro' ev'ry shady grove, and vocal vale;
And as the thrilling measures sweep along,
In grateful chorus, aiding still the song,
The bubbling fountains, and the purling rills,
Join their melodious murmurs:—And the hills,
All bounded by the lofty sky around,
Harmoniously the lofty notes *resound*!

PHILANTHEA.

T O

P A L E M O N:

ON HUMILITY, IN ANSWER TO A CHARGE
BROUGHT AGAINST A LADY, FOR HAVING
TOO MUCH OF THAT VIRTUE.

OF all the faults that were ever laid to the charge of a female culprit, I think that of having too much humility seems to be the most extraordinary. You tell me, the ladies on the jury brought in their verdict, that a friend of your's was absolutely guilty of this charge. I cannot coincide with my sex in that opinion. Had the delinquent been tried by the late Lord CHESTERFIELD, he might have found a great want of politeness, and a deficiency in the *bon-ton*, which the person in question, I know, does not wish to be an awkward imitator of. You know
his

his lordship refined away that sincerity and humility which helps to constitute morality; and may, in a future day, be of greater advantage to us, than the circle of modern accomplishments he so erroneously inculcated.

But of all persons living, you should not appeal to me in the case of your friend, as I have already given my sentiments on the subject of humility, in a sermon, intitled, *Pride was not made for Man, &c. &c.* and if not for man, I am sure it *cannot* be for women; who, generally speaking, have less mental or acquired endowments to elate their pride, than your sex. I suppose, those arguments you have forgotten, or never read, otherwise its paying a poor compliment to the author, to suppose I should revoke them, or not endeavour to unite practice and theory.

Humility, divines will tell you, is a sovereign grace; and one of that nature, that, like a fine picture in a good light, it will set off every other virtue to advantage. Strong and various are the precepts to enforce it, both from religious and moral life. Poverty of spirit heads the beatitudes, and hath
the

the kingdom of heaven annexed for its reward: A blessing infinitely superior to that of inheriting the earth, or any other promise entailed on the other virtues. I am afraid you think this poorness of spirit a kind of contemptible meanness, a pusillanimity of soul, and weakness of action, which an intrepid temper ought to be ashamed of. How far soever this might be the opinion of some of the Pagan moralists, it is not the principle of the Christian system. The humility *that* teaches, will quench contention before it kindles into a flame, and prevent a long train of unhappy consequences, that seem to be hid from the proud and arrogant.

The contention for superiority, or pre-
cedency, has been attended with such mortifying circumstances, and fatal catastrophes, that one should start at the approach of such a corroding guest in the female bosom, as a *high spirit*. This tyrannical inmate, in the breast of two unhappy ladies in the reign of King EDWARD the Sixth, cost their husbands their heads, and that pious prince his two uncles, and best friends.

History

History informs us, that EDWARD and THOMAS SEYMOUR were brothers to King EDWARD's mother, and that King HENRY, his father, by will appointed EDWARD SEYMOUR, the senior brother, Duke of Somerset, to be Lord Protector of King EDWARD and the kingdom, during his minority; who, we are told, was a man truly deserving of that high honour. At the same time, Sir THOMAS SEYMOUR, the younger brother, was Lord High Admiral of England, and had married Queen CATHERINE PARR, widow to King HENRY the Eighth. This lady contended with her sister-in-law, the wife of the Lord Protector, for precedency and priority of place. Both were of high spirits, and neither would give place to the other. The one claimed it, as she had once been Queen; the other challenged it, as she was present wife to the Lord Protector. Had either of these high-spirited ladies known the virtue of humility, or the true glory of yielding, the quarrel had not extended to their respective lords. But each husband taking his wife's part, the brothers were incensed against each other;

other; and the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND engaging on one side, and the Duke of SUFFOLK on the other, they made a state affair of it, and both brothers were brought to the fatal block! And his majesty thought his own life in danger, when the two guardians of his minority, and props of the protestant religion and state, were thus cut off, by the deep machinations of those who had ambitious views to answer in the death of the king's uncles: But this catastrophe, you will observe, began from high spirit. I could mention many others of the same fatal tendency, were not this sufficient to support my argument in favour of humility.

When God, by his inspired penman, expresses his detestation of a lofty look, we cannot, with reason, think his abhorrence lay against the peculiar cast of those features *he* had himself formed: *But in condemning a proud aspect, God condemned a proud heart, and imperious temper, which a haughty mien, and lofty look, too often indicate.* Poorness of spirit, I cannot think bears any affinity to meanness of conduct, or indigent circumstances:

stances: I look upon it as the best security of peace under the vicissitudes of this life, and one of the best preparatives for admission into the serene joys of heaven itself; where, we are told, turbulent spirits cannot enter. The more I reflect on the sublime virtue and tranquillity of humility, the more I am astonished at the verdict given against your friend, by so clear a judge, and penetrating a jury. The high tide of prosperity is, generally speaking, too unstable an element for *humility* to rest on: Yet I wish you could tell me any virtue that is a greater security in a low station, or ornament to an high one! You inform me you know some ladies, who are pleased to say, "They should have been as proud as *LUCIFER*, had they been blessed with distinguished mental endowments." You must allow then, they would have been very unfit persons to have received the loan, who gave such intimations of being unjust stewards. What can excite greater pity or contempt, than to see persons of great abilities and fortune, governed by pride? How abject do they appear, even in the eyes of their inferiors!

riors! when they are cast on the bed of sickness, and dependent on their dependents for every humane office to alleviate their pain? Or if it should please Providence to disturb those intellects they have so much abused, by exalting themselves as the eagle, and making their nests among the stars: Yet how soon may they be brought to eat grass with oxen, as we are told the unhappy NEBUCHADNEZZAR did.

RAMSAY informs us, the great CYRUS wept to see his melancholy catastrophe; and if such was the punishment of a potent and victorious prince for human pride, what can those little persons expect, who have not one stimulative to so unworthy a passion?

I have, PALEMON, endeavoured to convince you, that humility is not an apathy of soul, *or milkiness of blood*, as the poet expresses it, but is a virtue seated in the understanding, which perhaps is the reason why it is no higher in estimation with the polite part of the world.

A memorable instance of the virtue yourself and fair companions seem to disclaim, we
have

have transmitted to us in the character of King CANUTUS. I will transcribe this anecdote of his life from RAPIN's History of England. "Historians have not failed distinguishing this prince by the surname of *Great*, a title which seems appropriated to conquerors; as if true grandeur consisted in plundering of others. But not to limit greatness to such narrow bounds, we may say that CANUTUS, with respect to the last years of his reign, deserved that glorious title. The end of his life was quite different from its beginning: One would have imagined, he was not the same prince who had caused the shedding of so much blood, and had trampled under foot justice and religion, to acquire kingdoms to which he had no title. Some years before his death, he became humble, moderate, just, and truly religious, if historians have not exceeded the bounds of truth, in what they relate of him. He was no sooner firmly settled in the throne of *England*, but he gave daily proofs of piety, justice, and moderation, which gained him the hearts of his subjects, and an universal esteem among
strangers.

strangers. They tell us a little story of him on this subject, which shews both his good sense, and to what a length courtiers are capable of carrying their flatteries. One day, as he walked on the sea-shore, some of those who attended him were excessive in their praises, and even durst go on in their adulation so far, as to compare him to God himself. Offended at these extravagances, to shew both their folly and impiety, he ordered a chair to be brought, and seating himself where the place must necessarily be soon covered with the flowing tide, he addressed himself to the sea in the following words: *O sea, thou art dependent on me, and this land is mine: I command thee to advance no nearer, nor dare to wet the feet of thy MASTER.* Having said this, he sat some time in the same place, as if he expected the sea would obey his orders; but as it still continued to flow, he took from thence an occasion to let those vile flatterers know, that the title of Lord and Master belonged to him only, whom earth and sea obeyed. It is said, from that

I time

time he would never put on the crown, but made it be placed on the head of a crucifix, in the church of *Winchester*."

I think you will agree with me, that CANUTUS did himself honour by so doing. I much admired the representation of this piece of history, in a fine piece of painting I lately saw at Mr. PINE's exhibition, in Albemarle-street, &c. The apparent rushing of the waves, made me almost tremble for the deputed monarch! while it inculcated that virtue it was designed to demonstrate, and put me in mind of the following lines:

Suffice for man;—suffice for angels this,
Who serves with trembling cannot serve
amiss;

With lowly mind, self-emptied all and poor,
May ask in hope, and hoping ask for more;
With humble faith directs his ardent prayer,
Present his wishes, or his thanks prefer;
An offering pure, and more accepted bring,
Than harps can sound, or sweeps the corded
string;

Their

Their sighs harmonious, and their holy tears,
Joy of his sight, and music in his ears.

L. PERRONET.

I am, with compliments to the ladies who
have passed their judgment on my friend
without admitting her to court, or to to speak
by counsel,

S I R,

Your's, and theirs,

PHILANTHEA.

T O

Z E L I N D A:

AN ELEGIAC TALE ON THE DEATH OF CHICK-
EN, BY POISON.

WHY will you still continue to insist upon my writing to you, every occurrence that falls in my way? Most of them are too trivial to transmit to paper; and those of a different nature are chiefly of a gloomy cast. Of this sort was one I was a spectator to, which is a recent calamity: It affects the very bowels of society, and calls for the alleviating consolations of friendship to support its loss. Not to amuse you farther, by a prelude to a tale that *thunders in the index*, this is the substance: I was at a gentleman's country house, as happy in agreeable society as any nymph that ever trod the Arcadian plains; when

when a sudden damp was put to our chearful festivity, by being called out to see what was the matter with the chicken. It appeared, there had been poison put to shorten the lives of those destructive vermin called *rats* : That we supposed the innocent chicken partook of, which caused a fatal devastation of several families of the feathered tribe. I assure you, ZELINDA, the scene was to me very affecting, to see so large a number laid dead, or dying in the field. The lady of the house felt very sensibly for the loss, which could not be supplied but from the London market, several miles distant, and at a considerable expence. Her regret was heightened for the mortality of her poultry, by the daily expectation of different companies, to whom this fallen race were to have made their respective appearance in succession.—To divert her chagrin, she desired me to write an Elegy on this catastrophe. I endeavoured to meet her wishes, in the simple lines I will inclose to you : On which I beg the favour of your impartial opinion. You well know I do not pretend to any poetical genius ; but if stam-

F 2

mering

mering out ten dull monosyllables will make a line that obliges a friend, I know not how to refuse so trifling a request. Though I think stringing *mere* rhyme, is almost as childish an employment, as it is for boys to string birds-eggs. I know my ZELINDA is rich, hereditarily rich; and having a concatenation of ideas, you might help me if you would. Remember you are in my debt; and I must draw upon you for value received (of blotted paper at least.) You can, at any time, answer a bill of high demand at sight. I set up trade in the literary way, without having served any apprenticeship to it; and with very small stock, and therefore cannot possibly give long credit. Consider this, and you will soon send a reimbursement of mental matter to

Your expecting friend,

PHILANTHEA.

A N

E L E G I A C . T A L E :

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY THAT
LOST A NUMEROUS BROOD OF FINE WHITE
CHICKEN, BY POISON PUT FOR DESTROYING
RATS.

N O death of princes, nor of queens I tell,
No deeds record, how empires rose or fell ;
How JULIUS bled ! how calm AUGUSTUS dy'd !
Nor yet what heroes scourg'd the Roman pride.
My humbler Muse descends to meaner things,
Than falls of empires, or the state of kings :
No martial fame inspir'd the race I mourn,
Nor laurel'd trophy twines around their urn ;
No sculptur'd stone, nor monumental bust,
Proclaims the lineage of their silent dust :
In peace they rest beneath this swelling sod,
That living fear'd no monarch's pow'r or rod.

Mourn then ye chuckling sisters of the dale,
Come mourn with me, whilst I repeat the tale.

The dire mishap, which on that rueful day
Your feather'd mates besel, shall be my lay.

Join then ye warblers of the leafy grove,
Aid me to mourn,—and aiding me approve.
Let PHILOMELA your example be,
For who in sorrow is so great as she?
Her tuneful numbers are in grief express'd
More poignant, than the thorn that goads her breast.
Each beauteous sister clad in native white,
The victim seem'd of fate's all-conquering might.
No guile they knew, no fears could therefore reign,
In either bosom of this virgin train.
Yet neither form nor innocence, cou'd free
This gentle brood from cruel fate's decree!
The subtle poison work'd thro' ev'ry vein,
And lay'd them breathless on the flow'ry plain.
So oft in life the plund'ring thief is spar'd,
While goodness sinks in traps for guilt prepar'd.
Then mourn, ye chuckling sisters of the dale,
Come mourn with me, these lilies of the vale!

Who can these lifeless chicken tale relate,
Without bemoaning their unhappy fate!
What breast that pity knows, will scorn to feel
Those rising sighs that from the bosom steal,
When we review the ravage poison made,
Among these feather'd tenants of the shade?
(Full fraught with grief the weeping plain appears,
And each fresh morn calls down her pearly tears.)
Their few survivors now look pensive round,
To find their mates upon the well-known ground;

And

And many human friends, alas ! bewail,
In anxious grief, these beauties of the vale.
Fair MYRA mourns a *vacuum* in her treat,
There tender *chicken* were to feast the great.
No market near this *vacuum* to supply,
And what, alas ! cou'd equal chicken pye ?

Like NIOBE, affixt with heart-felt woes,
His inward grief, sleek EPICURUS shows :
Not faithful PETRARCH, in elegiac verse,
Could his dear LAURA's lifeless charms rehearse ;
Nor PHAON's absence SAPPHO cou'd deplore,
When he ungrateful left th' *Lesbian* shore,
In strains more soft :—Tho' epicures in love,
And each so tenderly cou'd passions move,
That marble rocks they e'en cou'd teach to grieve,
And bid rough oaks and seas their woes receive ;
Yet neither vented more pathetic lay,
Than EPICURUS did to chicken pay !
The *ham*, the *tongue*, the *chine*, each wants its mate,
And briny tears bedew their hapless fate ;
These fair attendants we must see no more,
Their death untimely we must still deplore !

Then mourn ye chuckling sisters of the dale,
Come mourn with me, these chicken of the vale !

Could we this venenation's influence bind,
To ev'ry species of the noxious kind ;
Could poison only kill the weeds of vice,
Or strike the root from which it took its rise,

We shou'd no more in mournful strains lament,
The dreadful carnage of its dire extent !
The faithful *dog*, so late his master's pride,
No more would fall by poison from his side ;
Nor purring *cats*, good tenants of the house,
Martyrs would fall, instead of *rat*, or *mouse*.

What consternation from neglects proceed,
We may each day in recent sorrow read !
Then doubly lock each cell where *arsenic* lyes,
Lest sugar'd poison lures the infant's eyes ;
Whose simple thoughts no latent tortures dread,
Which specious *poison* oft thro' houses spread ;
Where its dread venom steals thro' human blood,
And calls for human tears—a heavy flood !
Of what avail, alas ! is parent's woe,
When their dear offspring feels the fatal blow
By their neglect ?—Oh ! the tremendous thought,
When, to their arms, cold, pale, and stiff is brought ;
Their younger selves—that would prolong their name,
And give their sinking age new life and fame.

Reflection quick succeeds to dire neglects,
And rapid grief with eagle eyes inspects ;
Too late ! those antichambers of the dead,
Where this dread poison rear'd its hydra head !
Then exclamations rend the vaulted sky,
Ghastly each face, and streaming ev'ry eye.
Such trepidation our first parents shook,
When they, with stern reproach and mournful look,
Retorted each their guilt :—(Vain hope) to ease
The throes of mem'ry, and her pains appease !

Then

Then fence your charge ;—let me once more intreat,
You will from *poison* guard your childrens feet ;
Lest you, too late, that fatal pow'r lament,
And feel the anguish timely cares prevent.

“ God sees with equal eye, as Lord of all,
“ A hero perish, or a *chicken* fall.”

PHILANTHEA

T O

M I R A N D A:

A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF LONDON.

I Wish I could, with satisfaction to myself, obey your commands, in giving some description of London, and the manners of its inhabitants; particularly the clergy, among whom, you vainly hope, I have found many real friends. You seem surprized and angry, that I have resided several years in the city, and western quarter, and yet been silent on every part, that could give entertainment to my country friends, who are strangers in this great metropolis.

My reasons for silence, to this repeated request, have been strong and numerous; for were I to have indulged myself in descriptive truth, from that experience which has fallen
to

to my share, it would incline me to draw the inhabitants of London in a dark shade, rather than in that more pleasing one my imagination was flattered with, when I came to town. Alas! then I knew little more of it than by a picture. I considered it as the most important part of England; and I believed what has been said by foreigners of it, "that it was the illustrious mother of sensible and polite men, and virtuous women; the great mart of literature, and nursery of ingenious artists, ready to assist in wants, encourage in difficulties, and impart the light of their knowledge in the dark and intricate ways of life!" But no one of these particulars has been realized to my ideal fancy, neither among clergy or laity. You must think I had been fool-hardy, to have rested upon my own judgment, in some important circumstances, relative to my publication of *Sermons*; especially as it was to pass before the eyes of some of the first personages in this kingdom: Therefore, as those great divines paid the last debt of nature, at the period of my coming to London, who had generously called forth the second edition,

and offered to protect its author ; I was obliged to take the advice given by the weeping prophet : *Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem, and see now and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a man ; if there be any that executeth judgment, that seeketh the truth, &c. &c.*

In Jerusalem I was not so happy to find one : Therefore, I said, *I will get me to the great men, and will speak unto them ; for they have known the way of the Lord, and the judgment of their God.* - But, to my great mortification I found, from the mitred priest to the labouring curate, *these had altogether broken the yoke, and burst the bonds.* The charity of an opinion, was too great a boon for a female stranger to obtain from these persons, whose function I highly honoured, and believed to be the patrons of benevolence, and practisers, as well as teachers of truth. But this is a *truth* nothing but sad experience should oblige me to tell you. You know it was next to impossible, for any person to have a more reverential regard for the characters of the gentlemen of the cloth, than

than I had. I considered great divines as delegates from heaven. Yet some of these reputed lights of the world, have, for two months together, kept my soul in suspense, by flattering delusions, and high-sounding compliments, which has amused my mind with unmeaning professions of service, which were never realized, and only served to sink it deeper in distress !

O, Madam ! you, that are united in the softest bands of esteem and love, to a man that does honour to his profession, and never turns his ear from the modest suppliant, but is eager to relieve the distress of the persons or minds of all whom his power can reach ! and is, at once, both the ornament of learning, and his country, will perhaps doubt my veracity, for the first time, when I assure you, a clergyman is as often denied here by his servant when at home, as a lord ; and I can tell you likewise, I have heard a volley of oaths from the mouth of a man to a lady, without the least provocation, who is esteemed a most celebrated orator in the pulpit : Therefore do not wonder, that my esteem increases
for

for your husband, and several other good divines in the country, whom I know to adorn the christian character.

Indeed, I long to be with you, and among them, to lose the remembrance, *if possible*, of this deceitful and busy world! the inhabitants of which make interest their God, and licentious pleasure their delight: Besides, if I stay to end my days in the vicinity of the court, perhaps I may die without benefit of clergy, which many strangers do, though their visits are desired.

Yet, I must do the gentlemen of the cloth the justice to say, that some of distinction are pleased to declare, "they wonder ladies of character, in general, are not my warm friends!" They themselves approve of my writings, and the undesigned motives that led me to the publication. But the title of *Sermons*, from a woman, startles them! and must not be encouraged in our sex: And even these persons of candour will ask me, where I took my degrees? I can only answer, from the *Bible*; and the sacred learning *that* imparts, is not confined to sex or colleges.

However,

However, this is called the age for women; as to encouragement or protection from ladies of character, I know not where to meet with it, *even* among those who are esteemed the patronesses of their sex.—The circle of polite amusements, and fashionable ceremony, takes up great attention, even from the most rational; and, among others, it would be a crime that would exclude me from their society, were I to mention books, or introduce any conversation but what is relative to public entertainments; as the Play-houses, Operas, Festinios, Museums, Ranelagh, Masquerades, Cassino, and I know not what; besides all public exhibitions, in which ladies, in the several classes of life, generally shew themselves. To pass over balls, routs, drums, and ridottos: If one do not engage in any of these, it is next to impossible to avoid engaging at quadrille, the only diversion I allow myself to partake of. At this game I sometimes engage at low stakes, to avoid the charge of singularity, or downright stupidity.—You may remember Lord LYTTELTON tells us, in his letters from Luneville to his father,

father, that he was compelled to make a party at this game, or renounce society. At that court, he said, a knowledge of quadrille was necessary, to get a reputation of good sense, or to be thought a well-bred man: They were fond of strangers, with a proviso that strangers loved play; which, to lose their money *at*, was the surest way to gain the heart of a maid of honour.

This spirit of play, which his lordship said took possession of the land from morning to midnight, when he was at Lorrain, has been some time fled to this gloomy island, from foreign climes; and hypochondriacal Englishmen have adopted it to divert their melancholy. But in more chearful hours, when the mind is more retentive, whist is now the polite game. Thanks to the immortal HOYLE! for exercising his genius in the descriptive art of playing fashionable games, and teaching us to squander fortunes and time away like persons of taste.

But as cards engage most of the conversation and time, even among the most rational characters I converse with, I have it much
to

to regret, that it blends all capacities, and stops up the channel of literary improvement, and excludes even domestic duties.

The English constitution is thought peculiarly happy; on account of her freedom, in speaking and writing on any subject the mind dictates: But I believe this boasted liberty is chiefly confined to the lords of the creation, who must be wanting to themselves, if they do not hold converse, and form society, with those persons, whose connections will give the most satisfactory delight. London affords much superior advantages to the country, in opportunities of choosing company, if wisdom is permitted to direct the choice. Here useful clubs and friendly associations, may be easily formed among persons of the most refined sense and communicative ideas, where the members may mutually taste

“The feast of reason, and the flow of souls.”

Here are professors in every branch of science, which renders the metropolis a very advantageous residence to students, in their several pursuits of knowledge. But in forming

ing the scholar, there is great danger of spoiling the rectitude of the man. Youth requires strong resolution, to avoid that contagion of vice and infidelity, that too often accompanies genius, which frequently loses more in solid weight, than can be repaid in refinement or science. When I hear of the noble enjoyment philosophers take in each other's company, I am almost tempted to envy the men their supreme privileges of association; whilst I commiserate such of our sex, who are distinguished for good sense, and have a taste for mental endowments, yet are excluded this society. Surely such women would know the boundaries of their sex too well, to be impertinent on the side of learning, were they sometimes permitted into the circles of literature. An assembly of this kind might be easily formed among the numerous inhabitants of this metropolis; and were it established, I should still wish for *men* to fill the throne, but to admit woman to the footstool. Then might truth, which is said to have long left the courts of monarchs, take refuge here, and be as much admired
in

in an old-fashioned garb, as vanity and falsehood in their birth-day suits. The town may be thought a good school for *manners*, but it is a wretched one, for that first of virtues, *sincerity*. Very few here will deny any request, and as few remember what they promise. Even genius, which brings useful talents to this great mart for sale, may be reduced to penury, before its wares can find a purchaser; though all will offer friendly aid to assist in the disposal, and procure high reward to the possessor. In short, it is justly observed, "The arts are generally encouraged in an inverse proportion to their *utility*; and those which most administer to the luxuries and vices of mankind, are the most certain of rapid success."

These, MIRANDA, being some of the observations I have been led to make by experience and disappointment, in a strange variety of circumstances, you ought not to wonder I have so little partiality for London, (speaking of it at large) as I know not how to deal with many persons I have met with in it, whose words were not formed to express their meanings.

meanings. This polite deceit leads the mind into labyrinths of error; and I am fully convinced, that rectitude of mind, and integrity of conduct, remote from any sinister views, are virtues held in very low esteem here. If one cannot affirm a lye, with all the confidence of truth, the fashionable phrase for it is, *Not knowing the world*: Therefore I cannot wish to hold commerce with it on these terms, but am ready to cry out, in the language of Juvenal;

Since worth, in these degenerate days,
Wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praise:
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And every moment makes my little less;
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind heav'n, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
Some pleasing bank, where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale, with nature's painting gay;
Where once the harrafs'd Briton found repose,
And, safe in poverty, defy'd his foes:
Some secret cell, ye powers indulgent give,
There let me live—for I have learn'd to live.

However

* However applicable the above satire is to London, I will not transcribe more of it, being certain, that here are a great number of worthy inhabitants, whose characters deserve eulogiums from the first pen: An employment far more agreeable than satire; and it would be the height of ingratitude in me, if I did not acknowledge I have had the happiness to be known and obliged to several persons of distinguished goodness, both in the town and city: But I believe it is certain, their number falls far short of the body of the metropolis; a place so extensive in buildings, and numerous in inhabitants, that it is far beyond my abilities to describe it†. In the

* Vide *London*, a Poem, in imitation of the third satire of JUVENAL, in Dr. JOHNSON's fugitive pieces.

† I find the tradition, concerning the ancient foundation of this city by BRUTE, was of such credit, that it is asserted in an ancient tract, preserved in the archives of the chamber of *London*, from which I shall insert the following abstract: "According to the credit of chronicles, it is considerable older than *Rome*; and that it was, by the same Trojan author, built by BRUTE, after the likeness of great *Troy*, before that built by ROMULUS and REMUS. This, I suppose, gave rise to its being said, *London was rocked in a Trojan cradle.*

To

the city, the inhabitants are said to amount to 300,000. In London, Westminster, and the suburbs, there are supposed to be 700,000; an astonishing multitude to inhabit one metropolis! But the crowds that resort here from every part of England, seem to drain the country of its natives, who are drawn by a kind of magnet to the capital, to display

To this day it useth and enjoyeth the ancient city *Troy's* liberties, rights, and customs: For it hath a senatorial dignity, and lesser magistrates; and it hath annual sheriffs, instead of consuls.

King LUD, about 1060 years afterwards, not only repaired this city, but also increased the same with fair buildings, towers, and walls; which, after his own name, called it *Caire Lud*, or *Lud's Town*; and the strong gate, which he built in the west part of the city, (a gate now taken down) and it is called Ludgate-street, bearing the honour of its name from the royal builder.

Stow's Survey and History of London, book the 1st, page the 5th.

And such a road for ships,
Scarce all the world commands,
As is the goodly *Thames*,
Near where BRUTE's city stands.

I do not presume to give this note to my reader as an authenticated truth, *but a traditionary one only.*

their several capacities, in the various arts which shine forth to advantage in the different lines of employment.

Indeed, the extensive range of magnificent buildings in the western quarter, calls forth a variety of artists in their distinct departments, and drives the current of men and money *here*, though sometimes upon a very bad errand.

For such is the rage for building, that, like a vortex, it draws all into it; and if it be continued, it is much to be feared, that the head will soon grow too big for the body, draw all its vital powers from it, and make it totter by its own weight. This, I think, was the case in some former reign, when the legislator, like a wise physician, endeavouring to prevent what could not be easily cured, established laws to stop the progress of this now epidemic fever of building, lest the head should grow delirious, which might terminate in a state of apoplexy! and then, of consequence, the body must suffer with it. How far the former laws against extensive buildings in London were judicious, or how far

far they could be effectual now, is not for me to ascertain; it being a matter of doubt, even with gentlemen who well know the English constitution.

My friend must remember I told her before, that it was far beyond my abilities, to particularize on the constitution and manners of the inhabitants of such opulent cities as London and Westminster, which requires great penetration, universal knowledge in the public walks of life, and nice observation to depict, with any degree of accuracy; and to be circumstantial in it, would make a letter swell to a tome. This is a very short and imperfect sketch; when I can justly draw it in better colours, you may have a more pleasing portrait. I have endeavoured to adhere to truth *only* in every line. If this information can give any light to a stranger, who forms high expectations in coming to town, and thinks, with the fond enamourato of his mistress, "London is more than painting can express, or youthful poets fancy when they love." If to such country friends; whose imaginations run before their knowledge,
these

these realities can give pleasure or warning, communicate them as freely as you please. I will conclude my epistle with this observation, that London affords a rich variety of entertainment to the curious, who can afford to pay for it, and great instruction to those who want improvement in mind or manners. But the stranger who comes to the metropolis in search of either, must take great care not to purchase it at a higher price than its value; which persons of simplicity, and unsuspecting minds, often do.

That every real blessing may be continued to you and your other self, is,

Dear MIRANDA,

The fervent wish
of your faithful and obliged friend,

PHILANTHEA.

T O

B. E N E V O L U S :**A DESCRIPTION OF THE INHABITANTS OF
BEDLAM.**

EXTENSIVE as this metropolis is, and various as its amusements are, I generally relinquish the gay scenes it affords, for those of a more serious turn. The latter I consider as a school of morality, if we draw from it just reflections, and make a proper use of them. Of this sort was one I lately visited, when a kind of melancholy curiosity led me, with other company, to that charitable mansion which receives those unhappy objects, in whom reason is driven from her seat. Bedlam is a place, of all others, which presents scenes that draw the strongest upon the feelings of human nature! Yet it gave
me

me high satisfaction to observe, that the grievance too justly complained of by the * author who wrote the World, is at this time redressed. The wretched lunatics are no longer to be seen by a crowd of wanton spectators for *two-pence*; nor their miseries sported with, for the diversion of those, who if more sensible, are not much less savage. No one is now allowed to see the wretched inhabitants of Bedlam, without a written order from one of the governors; which order never permits more than six persons at one time. This regularity redounds much to the honour of those gentlemen who are guardians of this noble charity, and greatly contributes to the serenity of the insane, whose lucid intervals were before continually broken in upon by the insults of a mob, or idle spectators. Another good effect of this late regulation is, that all the wards are now kept as clean as any person's private apartment, and the poor lunatics enjoy as much fresh air in each cell, as their situation, or the season, will admit.

* Fitz-Adams.

The sobriety and decent appearance of the keeper and matron, strongly impressed me in their favour; and the humane attention they shewed to their separate charge, confirmed me in the good opinion I had imbibed of them.

We went first into the men's ward, whom I found much more rational than I expected. I saw but two raving lunatics among them: The one was a German, who was so vehement in vociferation, (of what no one present could understand) that I thought it must have exhausted the strength of any human lungs. Seeing him on his knees, and beating the ground with such violence, that it rebounded through the ward, I asked his keeper the cause of his insanity? He informed me it was a political madness, and he supposed the frantic creature was deprecating the misfortunes of some foreign country. (Poor man! if he had been blest with one ray of reason, he might, with rational grief, have lamented the present unhappy quarrel betwixt Great-Britain and her Colonies.) The other wretched demoniac, the keeper told us, had been one of the finest and bravest fellows that ever commanded

commanded a ship on the Mediterranean : But in the situation he was then in, it was horror to behold him ! He was locked up in his cell, and his head only visible above the grates, which he beat with such rapid violence from one side to the other, that one would have thought the brains of the poor furious wretch were on fire, and must have been instantly consumed, unless they were of the asbestos kind.—We soon turned from this dismal spectacle of heart-piercing woe ! to those which were less distressing. Numbers of other objects seemed to lie (as I found they had many years) in a torpid state, under the deprivation of reason, rather than shewing their insanity by any outrageous acts of fury.—These monuments of living death were chiefly confined to their clean straw, and exerted but little more sense than to swallow their food : Others were amusing themselves with those kind of employments, which I imagined they presided over in happier days. Here I could not help reflecting, with deep concern, on those potent reasoners of the earth, whose understanding, though

now laid waste, had formerly been held out as a light to others, who trod the difficult paths of science.

With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought.
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her pow'rs, and leaves a blank behind.

CHURCHILL.

I think I have read other opinions similar to this of CHURCHILL's, on the origin of madness; and certainly it does require very strong mental powers to be long intent on one object, which absorbs the soul, and leaves no room for rational amusement. BURKE, on the sublime and beautiful, makes the following observations: "The senses, strongly affected in some one manner, cannot quickly change their tenor, or adapt themselves to other things; but they continue in their old channel, until the strength of the first mover decays. This is the reason of an appearance very frequent in madmen; that they remain whole days and nights, sometimes whole years, in a repetition of some remark, some complaint,

complaint, or song; which having struck powerfully on their disorderly imagination, in the beginning of their phrenzy, every repetition reinforces it with new strength; and the hurry of their spirits, unrestrained by the curb of reason, continues it to the end of their lives."

Several of this class of lunatics were formerly eminent divines; but, perhaps, from a too free use of their faculties, had, as prodigals do by their fortunes, lavished them away before they came to the meridian of life. This humbling view, in the school of misery, turned my thoughts to many persons of great capacity, who, had they seen these melancholy students, would not, I hope, indulge themselves in too intense an application to abstracted speculations; before they have nicely weighed the requisite powers of the mind to go through with it; lest, like other great men, they leave the world to lament their loss; before they have numbered their days. One of these philosophic frantic's courteously invited me to his cell, which, seeing he was calm, I accepted; and observing

his display of writing on the wall, he was much delighted with my attention, and fe-
 dately told me, "that apartment was not his
cell, but *study*; nor was he any *prisoner*, but
 an *anchoret*." He had transcribed the fol-
 lowing verses in capitals round his study, as
 he called it, which he endeavoured to give
 me the sense of; and palm on me, for the
 productions of his muse, an idea I humoured.
 Though Dr. PERCY tells us, if tradition may
 be credited, it was written by Sir ROGER
 L'ESTRANGE. It is preserved in DAVID
 LLOYD's Memoirs of those that suffered in
 the cause of CHARLES the First.

BEAT on, proud billows; BOREAS blow,

Swell curled waves, high as JOVE's roof;

Your incivility doth show,

That innocence is tempest proof;

Though surly NEREUS frown;—my thoughts are calm,

Then strike affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,

A private closet is to me;

Whilst a good conscience is my bail,

And innocence my liberty:

Locks, bars, and solitude together met,

Make me no prisoner, but an Anchoret.

I, whilst

I, whilst I wish to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd ;
As if their wisdom had conspir'd,
The salamander should be burn'd ;
Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The Cynick loves his poverty ;
The pelican her wilderness ;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus :
Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see,
Make torments easy to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm,
I as my mistress's favours wear ;
And for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there :
These walls are but my garrison ; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high-prized margarite,
Or like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloyster'd up from public sight :
Retirement is a piece of majesty ;
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin, for want of food, must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen ;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in :
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

I found conversation on books, with this sequestered priest, had a happy effect on his mind, and I left him serenely contemplating the emblems of his former knowledge, with which he was surrounded. I turned from this memento of the false pride of human learning, to those mathematical or geographical geniuses, who were displaying their several capacities with all the instruments in their power, in the narrow world to which they were confined ; which verified the observation,

“ There is a pleasure in being mad, which none but madmen know.”

Others were playing at cards, whilst numbers were walking about eating their dinners in clean wooden bowls, very contented and chearful. One of this class much urged me to partake with him. His appearance and behaviour retained much of the gentleman :

Amidst

Amidst his wanderings he was very polite, but uneasy under restraint. He said, he was used very ill to be put under confinement, for which no one gave him a reason : Therefore, he urged us to procure his enlargement, by application to some persons of distinction and power, to whom he would give an address. I enquired the cause of this lively captive's being in durance, and learned he was a victim to ill-fated love ! And the insanity of many others, the keeper informed us, originated from the same cause : Therefore, as this disorder no physician can cure, we left the men's ward, lamenting the power of that arbitrary Goddess VENUS !

At our entrance among the female patients, (where no man was permitted to attend us) I addressed myself to a well-looking matron, and admiring the neatness of her dress, which was a black taffeta pinned back, she told me, *silks of that texture were so constantly itching here and there, that she chused to make a suit of cloaths of it at once, and then it was a court day always.* I had not conversed with this lady but a few minutes, before she dis-

covered the provincial dialect of the company, and asked for several families in Gloucestershire. This being a lucid interval with several, another lunatic argued very calmly, that she was not *mad*, but confined to make her so, that some near relation of *her's* might take possession of her fortune and estate. But if those visitors, who saw her in that dismal mansion, had one spark of benevolence, humanity, or pity warming their bosoms; she conjured us, by all that was good and sacred, to use the means she pointed out, with seeming reason, to procure her liberty. She extorted the promise she so ardently desired; and then, with an awful solemnity, she added, "God was just; and if we did not religiously keep the promise made to her, might vengeance pursue the violators, and all the thunder-bolts of heaven descend on our heads; for she was *Jove's wife*, and *JUPITER* had undone her." Pride and romantic notions, which dethrone reason, and destroy human happiness, I found had a great share in turning the brains of this supposed goddess: These likewise usurped a powerful sway

in

in the next object I turned to, who was a lady that fancied herself an empress. I made my court to her by offering my snuff-box, as I found a small paper of snuff had been a more acceptable present to each individual before, than the freedom of the city, or a purse of gold could possibly have been. This Utopian queen, with her paper crown and supercilious air, however, did me the honour to take a pinch of snuff from me; but had she held out the sceptre of royalty, she could not have seemed to have conferred a greater dignity on me, than by the extension of her hand. The present queen of England received a book from my hand with less assumed state, than this shade of majesty did my snuff. Conversation seemed a reviving cordial to most of the other female patients, who were solicitous to engage me in it, according to their different turns of mind or disorder, in which they shewed the influence their religion and country had over them. The Roman Catholics mourned I was not fluent in the French language, and that I could not discourse of their blessed Lady,
the

the Virgin Mary, nor any of their holy saints.

The last person I conversed with within these gloomy walls, was a pretty young woman, who asked me if I was acquainted with Mr. JOHN WESLEY, the preacher? On my answering I knew him, the sweet creature said, she had been crucified to him ten years; and his cross was easy to bear. I then asked her the reason of her confinement? She very serenely replied, that her husband and two fine babes died last Christmas, and her cruel brother would not let her take leave of either, but had the coffins nailed up without letting her take one parting *kiss*! And you know, Madam, said the poor distressed, (her bosom heaving with maternal sighs, and her eyes imploring pity!) I could not follow the corpse of my dear CHARLES, and our sweet children, like a cow lowing for her calf. I could not help smiling at her expression, though I lamented in thought, that this combat of religion and natural affection, which are in themselves so pure! should have been too strong for the intellects of this amiable innocent,

nocent, which I found to be the case: For she seemed to intimate, God would have no rivals in the hearts of those he sanctified, and therefore took her husband and children from her; but she should assuredly go to heaven to them, and part no *more*; and there she earnestly wished to meet me, a wish I sincerely joined in! but was obliged to give her some hope of seeing me once more on earth first, as she intreated me to visit her again, and to remember how fast we are all hastening out of this world, and to be prepared for the next. I left the women's ward with her fervent blessing, and quitted Bedlam, fully convinced of the truth of a common observation, *i. e. That there are many more mad persons out of it, than in it.* I could depict several of these lunatics, who, like our grand enemy, *are roving about, seeking whom they may devour*; and doing all the injury to civil society, by example and precept, they are capable of, who yet are under no restraint. Though were I to prescribe for them, they should be confined to a gruel diet, a strait waistcoat, and a bed of straw; or when they had

had the use of their arms, they should transcribe the Whole Duty of *Man*, Lord HALE's Theological Works, or some copious religious book, for exercise. Perhaps this would bring some of our prodigal youths and libertines to returning reason: If not, they should be treated with greater severity, and every degree of contempt, in return for the distress they bring on their friends and families, by their growing insanity; as madness, with sense, is much more dreadful, and calls for stricter punishment and confinement, than those persons do, whose reason lies in ruins!

In this great metropolis are several maladies of the brain*, which do not come under the denomination of insanity; such as an insatiable itch for writing, or spleen in criticism, &c. &c. These, with others, are a kind of harmless lunatics, when the contagion of

* Hail, awful madness, hail!

Thy realms extend, thy powers prevail,

Far as the voyager spreads his 'ventrous sail.

Nor best, nor wisest, are exempt from thee,

Folly—folly's only free.

PENROSE.

their

their disease does not spread by example, nor hurt their own private interest. This class, and many others I could mention of those that are deemed, as the phrase is, *a little touched*, are much more rife here than in the country : But of this you will be a better judge, when you honour this capital with a visit ; in the mean time, you may command any information within the narrow limits of her walks, who is now, and at all times,

Your most obedient,

PHILANTHEA.

TO

T O

COQUETTILLA:

ON GAIETY, GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF A MAS-
QUERADE.

WELL, COQUETTILLA, I am glad you are ready to come into a compromise with me, by assuring me, you will relax the current of your vanities, (which, it seems, sickness and misfortune have helped to convince you of) if, on my part, I will not be severe; and promise you all the entertainment I can give, from that *dear town* you have quitted with such infinite regret! On these terms I will venture to correspond a little longer: But if you expect dramatic intelligence from my pen, or which lady appeared most splendid in jewels, or elegant in dress on the birth-day, you must be content with

retail

retail news, which, perhaps, may have no nearer affinity to truth, than a lying Gazette. I am very seldom a spectator at public places; and the prejudices of a country education are still so prevalent with me, that I prefer a moral treatise to a new opera, and a small circle of select friends to a crowded assembly.

However, I have been prevailed upon, for novelty's sake, to go to Ranelagh, on the night of the grand masquerade, where Sir THOMAS ROBINSON's rooms were all open to receive company and masques. I was one of the former; and from the advantageous situation of the apartments, saw as much of the entertainment of a masquerade in the gardens, and rotunda, as I wish to be acquainted with. All was finely illuminated, and I could plainly see, no lady in a masked habit could not be a prude, whatever were their assumed characters. Great attention seemed to be paid to the young and gay; but I think it was of that nature, that it would not much promote their happiness. The dresses, in general, seemed very splendid and expensive: But, *take it for all in all*, I thought
it

it appeared like one great Bedlam. The ladies in veils appeared much more decent than those in masques: I could not forbear reflecting, had nature given us such a visage as the latter, what would we not do! to get rid of the distortion? After our regale of fruits, cake, wine, and sweetmeats, our minds were entertained with several of the masqueraders coming into Sir THOMAS's apartments. Many persons I knew there, of distinguished good sense, who acted in such low characters, that I could not find out any wit or humour in them. One masque pleased me much, that appeared in the character of a gardener, distributing a printed paper, with these lines:

A gardener I come to this gay masquerade,
Nor, like you, waste my time, but am minding my trade.
I fancy my garden is now in my view,
Painted ladies in plenty, and coxcombs not few;
Each tint with which nature bedecks my gay bed:
But here art takes the lead,—and bestows white and red;
Yet for aiming at more than is fairly her due,
Her admirers from me shall have nothing but rue.

My lilies, my roses,—dare hither repair,
The rose keeps its crimson,—the lily still fair;

But

But let beauty not paint,—drop each mask, lift each
veil,

Then blush will my lilies,—my roses turn pale ;
So take them ye belles ! and believe, for I know
A gardener can please you as well as a beau.

My laurels I cropt to bring hither to you,
For to conquest the laurel has ever been due ;
But I'm sure you'll forgive, when you know where
they're flown ;

To Quebec are they sail'd—to brave CARLETON are
gone.

But return will my laurel, as fresh as it fled,
For it thrives always most on an Englishman's head.

I thought there was a moral turn of thought,
and a pleasing politeness in this detached
piece of paper, which the gardener presented
to the ladies : I was glad to observe they
seemed well pleased with it. And so much
for masquerades, I fancy *now*, and for *ever* :
For though you used to boast, *you would make
me the gayest among the gay, if you could get
me under your auspices one winter in London* ;
I do not perceive any inclination to such a
metamorphosis : Notwithstanding, I have
been a resident several years at the verge of
the court, I am still so untractable as to retain
much

much of my former appearance and manners. As you must be convinced of this truth, I am surprized you should repeatedly apply to me, to know the reigning taste in dress, it being a subject I seldom consult beyond decency. The paraphernalia of our sex are so various and variable, that it is impossible for me to ascertain what is fashion: This I know, what often seems to be the mode at St. Paul's, is sometimes looked on with contempt at St. George's; for many of the gay inhabitants at the west end of the town, can't bear (what they call) *the vulgarity of mere city dames!* The court ladies frequently,

“ With confess'd magnificence deride

“ Their vile attire, and impotence of pride.”

But, I believe, the female inhabitants in the town and city, appear much more on a par, in the mode of dress, than formerly, or even when you resided in the western quarter. Singularity in appearance ought doubtless to be avoided, as it is a mark of obstinacy, not, in some degree, to bend to the taste of the times: But yet, I never could discover the
merit

merit of dress beyond neatness, and keeping up the necessary distinctions of life: For this reason, dignitaries in church or state, ought not to divest themselves of the robe or gown, on proper occasions, as it keeps up the respect of their order, and gives an advantage to their title. And so far I honour dress in the prelate, statesman, or judge, because it is suited to their station; and to neglect externals, in those respectable characters, is not the way to create esteem or awe, in the lower class of mankind. Nay, in such who are vested with *dignity*, it becomes a sordid imprudence to condemn a proper distinction of dress*: An imprudence almost as culpable as the extravagance so predominant in many persons, who hold no higher rank than that of a mechanic, or *Monsieur Friseur*;—persons I have many times thought to be men of quality, by their appearance. I have read, “in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries,

* Dress certainly gives a great distinction and dignity to oratory: Else why does the king and judges speak in purple; divinity and law in black; and the lord-mayor, and eloquent aldermen, in scarlet and fur?

none but persons of quality in France were allowed to wear gold, silk, furs, pearls, and precious jewels." If it could be compatible with the freedom of a commercial country, or suitable to our constitution, I sincerely wish this sumptuary law were established in *England* at this time; I should think myself happy to obey it: And, perhaps, it might prevent many of our sex from appearing so much in masquerade as we do. But as we have no such barrier to our vanity, that whimsical thing called *fashion*, bears such an imperious sway, that it often beats poor modesty out of doors: For that simple virtue is sure to be contemned, unless arrayed in gay apparel; and it requires uncommon resolution and philosophy, for persons of common merit to withstand the torrent of custom, whether it gains the plaudit of their own mind, or not. The contempt of superfluous ornament has been thought, by persons of renowned wisdom, to indicate a great mind, even in modern times; and formerly it was highly celebrated. History has handed down to us the example of PHOCION's wife, for imitation in the

the article of dress. When one of her friends was shewing this great lady her rings, necklaces, and jewels; *What is the splendour of all these treasures*, says she, *when compared with that which beams from the virtues of PHOCION?* *I glory more in being his wife, than to be arrayed with the proudest ornaments that Athens, or the world could furnish.* This lady's husband, we are told, had been twenty times chosen the general of the Athenians; yet his wife would never be attended but with one servant, when she walked in the city.

But what entertainment, you will ask, is there in this grave dissertation on dress? "You wanted an account of the fashions, and not a digression on its follies." True: But as I know nothing of the studied elegance of the *beau monde*, I thought I might as well say something else on the subject. Well, to atone for my fault, COQUETTILLA, and to exhilarate your spirits, I will, for once, talk of beaus. I assure you, here is one at my lodgings, no less than a prince, and your humble servant reigns over him; and I am

much nearer the celestial regions than his highness, for my apartments are over his. It is the Prince of Youssepuff. He came here this week; and ever since, my eyes have been dazzled with blazing stars, gilded coronets, and rich liveries! His highness is a perfect *Adonis*; he don't appear to be above twenty-six, or seven; has a noble aspect, and is tall, genteel, and graceful; and, in short, a remarkably fine figure of a man. I am told, that he is very sensible likewise; but of this I cannot be a judge, any further than by his politeness and affability: For this *Adonis* is entirely ignorant of the English language, and it is my misfortune to know no other; so I can only speak by his interpreter. This prince was yesterday presented at court, and to-day here has been a train of ambassadors to pay their devoirs to him; and, besides, a long string of complimentary cards from the foreign nobility. To amuse you, I will transcribe a few;

Le Comte de Buihe.

Le Comte Pignatelli.

Le Colonel de Staal.

Baron

Baron Nolchen.

Le Prince de Holstein.

Le Comte de Welderen.

Baron Alvensleten.

Le Comte de Maltzan.

Le Baron Diede.

Mr. Baxter, Consul General, &c. &c.

This prince is on his travels, and makes the metropolis a part of it, where he is solicitous to see every thing that demands the attention of the curious. Now, my dear, don't you think it would be worth while to display all your charms, to attract such an admirer? The handsome stranger seems to think very well of the English ladies; and it might be a conquest worth aiming at, as you have no objection to a superiority of fortune and rank: But your misfortune is, that you do not know how to value a generous passion, which if ungratefully treated in one person, may not easily be found in another. Dissipation and admiration are the objects of your pursuit; and this infatuation, leads you from the right road to happiness; but I hope you have experienced enough of the inanity of

such pursuits, and weak triumphs, which, I am persuaded, often plants thorns in your pillow. What satisfaction is there in studying so many arts, and rambling through all the circles of amusement, merely to attract notice from persons, for whom you have no higher regard than to make up your train, and shew your own sex the influence you have over the other? No doubt, COQUETTILLA, but you will laugh immoderately at what you are pleased to call *my precise notions*. You tell me, "your Utopia and mine is fixed on very different objects:" I believe it; and I know, to presume giving advice, of a serious nature, to a fine lady, who is full fraught with self-sufficiency, and all the appendages of female vanity, is almost as weak an attempt as to chain up the *north wind*, or *assume the government of the rushing wave*. But I cannot, with propriety, call myself your *friend*, and not admonish you of those errors you so obstinately pursue; errors which I have the charity to think, proceeds more from a weak judgment, than a bad heart. Though you do not seem to perceive it, *time*
flies

flies fast from you, and perhaps your face has long since been rendered too cheap, by public exhibition, to gain the esteem of men of sense: These generally look for companions for life, in the more private walks of domestic duty. Methinks, fine ladies should, like great monarchs, secure their dignity in retirement. I think the advice given by *King HENRY the Fourth, in his pathetic speech to his son*, the wild Prince of WALES, is very applicable to handsome young ladies. As I imagine you have but little time to read so antique an author as SHAKESPEARE, I will transcribe the part I mean. Had the admonition come from a professed divine, or philosopher, I dared not to have risked the quotation.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession;
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
 But being seldom seen, I could not stir,
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at!

H 3

Thus

* * * * *

Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at; and so my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast,
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
 Soon kindled, and soon burnt. * Scarded his state;
 Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
 And gave his countenance against his name,
 To laugh with gybing boys, and stand the push
 Of every beardless, vain comparative:
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
 That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey, and began
 To loath the taste of sweetness; whereof a little
 More than a little, is by much too much.
 So when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but, as the cuckow is in June,
 Heard, not regarded: Seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze;
 Such as is bent on fun-like majesty,
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:

* Discarded, threw off. This elision is not unusual with the ancient poets.

But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutt'd, gorg'd, and full.

Before I conclude, allow me one wish. It is this: Whatever may have been the indiscretions or amusements of your juvenile years, may you be no longer fond of the glitter and sound of your coral and bells, which you have wantonly played with a little time, and then, like the infant, thrown away in pursuit of some other toy: Or, in other words, do not seek to incite a passion in jest, in some of your worthless admirers, by whom, (as Hymen is said to be a revengeful deity) you may be severely repaid in earnest. May that calm wisdom reflect its bright beams into your mind in future life, which darted so refulgent and permanent a glory in the soul of HENRY the Fifth, that it disarmed censure itself of reproach, and made his conduct the admiration of all who knew, or heard of it. When

“ Consideration, like an angel came,
“ And whipt th' offending ADAM out of him;
“ Leaving his body, as a Paradise,
“ T' envelope, and contain celestial spirits.”

H 4.

And

And though your mind may be now in a whimsical situation, I will not despair of such a change in its favour, as will secure your happiness, and give great pleasure to your expecting friends, but to no one more, than

Your

PHILANTHEA.

P. S. Knowing you are fond of poetical composition, and to convince you of my strong desire to oblige you, I have, for your amusement, inclosed some pieces that I have lately been honoured with, as original manuscripts, from my correspondents, that are frequent visitors at the court of PARNASSUS. Perhaps you have seen the *Ænigma*; if not, I desire you will read that first, as it will not engross much of your time to solve it: But I imagine the *Acrostic Rebus* will more. Tell me your explanation of both. The *Epistle to a Lady*, and the *Receipt to make Kisses*, comes from a bard that is well known to the *Muses*: And the author of *CUPID's Complaint to VENUS*, is, I believe, likewise favoured with the smiles of *APOLLO's nymphs*.

AN

A N

Æ N I G M A.

OF fancy born, by folly bred,
 From foreign countries hither led ;
 My form and shape I often change,
 Am really nothing ; yet, 'tis strange,
 By all carefs'd, by all admir'd,
 In wealth and poverty desir'd :
 Of such variety I'm made,
 That I'm the great support of trade ;
 And tho' bought up by wisdom's foe,
 I much of wisdom in me show ;
 For by my fleeting, changing state,
 I make all money circulate ;
 Reward the sailor for his pains,
 And much augment the merchant's gains.
 I am no sooner known to be,
 Than all the great take leave of me,
 And I'm a mere non-entity. }
 To have me, all their cares employ,
 But when possess'd I quickly cloy :
 I serve the ladies when alone,
 To shew their handy skill upon ;
 And, when assembled, give them pleasure,
 Since I'm their chiefest talking treasure.

H 5

A N

A N

A C R O S T I C R E B U S.

THE prince of poets, in th' AUGUSTAN age;
 The beauteous fair, who charm'd DIANA's rage;
 The foster father of the rosy god;
 The name bestow'd on HERMES's three-leav'd rod;
 The Lydian Queen, who great ALCIDES sway'd;
 The Muse divine, invok'd to mortal's aid;
 The Pylian sage, whose words like honey flow'd;
 The gulph, where tortures are on crimes bestow'd;
 That pow'r, o'er which chaste PALLAS still presides;
 The sulphurous lake, which thro' hell's region glides;
 The Arcadian king, who felt the wrath of JOVE;
 The swain of Abydos, who died thro' love;
 The mount, where beauty gain'd the golden prize;
 The hapless youth, who slighted ECCHO's sighs;
 The triple king, whom great ALCIDES slew;
 The avengeful sisters of the guilty crew;
 The ancient monarch of the briny deep;
 The Thracian king, the Grecian kill'd in sleep;
 The queen, whom faithless ÆNEAS caus'd to weep.

FROM

FROM A
GENTLEMAN
TO A
LADY.

A LONG *Sabrina's* margin as I stray'd,
And woo'd by turns each lov'd Aonian maid,
Up rose the goddess, on her urn reclin'd,
(Her sea-green mantle waving in the wind)
And thus prophetic spoke: "From *Avon's* shore,
For poets fam'd, renown'd for beauty more,
To the mild summer of my lawns retir'd,
The brightest fair, that ever bard inspir'd,
A fresher verdure to my vales shall lend,
And beauty's empire to my shores extend.
The loves and graces, where she bends her way,
Shall wait her footsteps, and proclaim her sway.
Sweetness and *youth*, that with *good-nature* please,
And blooming *innocence*, the child of *ease*;
And all that's graceful, elegant, and fair,
The mien of breeding, and the courtly air;
What decks the person, or delights the mind,
Of *her* my bards shall tell, in *her* shall find.

H 6.

Lov'd

Lov'd by the old, and courted by the young,
 In vain shall envy blast with venom'd tongue;
 The snakes of malice shall their rage forego,
 And e'en the breath of scandal cease to blow.
 Yet scorning, as it were, th' inferior part,
 Those vulgar charms that catch the vulgar heart;
 Each mental grace, that *virtue* gives, she tries,
 Nor heeds th' inglorious triumphs of her eyes.

“ Go, poet, if thou claim'st a poet's name,
 Go, and transmit this wonderful tale to fame;
 Each envious nymph shall own the tribute due,
 And ***** herself confess the likeness true.”

She said, and plung'd beneath the whelming tide,
 The bard recording what the Muse supplied.

THEO. SWIFT.

R E C E I T

T O M A K E

K I S S E S.

FROM rose-buds yet unblown, whose vernal morn
Perfumes the gale, unconscious of a thorn,
The purest purple of the spring prepare.—
(The rose is beauty's flower, and beauty's care.)
Crop the young violet from her scented bed,
And spoil the primrose of her velvet head.
With odours charg'd, and redolent of joy,
The honied labours of the bee employ.
Her smiles and graces VENUS must infuse,
And sprinkle thrice the whole with balmy dews.
Ye shepherds, say, in what delightful bower
Dwells this fair bud of hope, this love-born flower?
On LYDIA's lips resides the nectar'd bliss,
Which Gods might taste, and mortals call a Kiss.

THEO. SWIFT.

CUPID'S

C U P I D ' s
C O M P L A I N T T O V E N U S ,

ON BEING DISARMED OF HIS WEAPONS BY
TIME.

I.

TIME, passing by the other day,
Where wanton CUPID sleeping lay ;
His bow and quiver near him :
Indignantly he broke his darts,
In pity to poor human hearts,
That they no more might fear him.

II.

The urchin wakes, the ruin spies,
Then straight to beauteous VENUS flies,
And, sobbing, tells his story ;
How, by his hateful foe he lost,
Those weapons which he valued most,
And won him so much glory.

The

III.

The goddess laugh'd;—and boy, says she,
Whate'er you talk, I plainly see

The fault was all your own:
From CHLOE's eyes, or SYLVIA's hair,
Or from BELINDA's shape and air,
You chose your shafts alone.

IV.

But if from NANCY's form divine,
Where real sense and beauty join,
Attended by good-nature,
(Whence much more piercing arrows fly)
Your empty quiver you supply,
Your pow'r will still be greater.

V.

And TIME, to break them, may again
Exert his envious force in vain:
Their strength will still resist him;
Or should he make them, in pure spite,
A little blunt;—to spoil them quite,
He must have death t' assist him.

LYSANDER.

TO

T O

H O R T E N T I U S :

CONSOLATIONS ON THE LOSS OF SIGHT.

IT gives me real concern, to hear you are still so much an invalid, as to make you feel personally the subject so briefly discussed at your table, the last time I had the honour of being there; namely, "What could alleviate the sense of present pain, or quiet that perturbation of spirits which it occasioned?" As you are pleased to solicit my farther sentiments on that question, I will not hesitate to obey you: I wish I could oblige you, by hinting it, as my opinion, that many consolations may arise to the reflecting mind, even in that melancholy state, which has, at present, deprived my friend of being that useful member to society, which you were in
happier

happier days ; days in which your will and power united, shone forth to the greatest advantage.

It is an acknowledged truth, that there is so strict an union betwixt the soul and body, that the former generally suffers with the latter. The organs of sight are highly valuable ; and had I considered one moment your increasing dimness, and the similarity of that affliction to MILTON's, I should not have repeated those affecting lines from our noble poet, which you made me promise to transcribe in a letter. With reluctance I comply, since I cannot revoke my word.

——— Thus, with the year,
Seasons return ; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine :
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me ; from the chearful ways of men
Cut off ; and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out !

MILTON'S

MILTON's beautiful address to light is equally sublime and expressive, with his lamentation on his blindness. But these are beauties obvious to every admirer of MILTON; therefore I shall not enlarge on them. I make no doubt, when a veil is drawn over the human eye, but the humble, patient spirit, finds the *celestial light shine inward, and the mind through all her powers irradiate*; that light which strengthens religious fortitude, and supports the soul under great losses and disappointments. I might here expatiate on the benefits of afflictive Providences, from the author just quoted; who, in the full enjoyment of external comforts, might never have been able to have told us of *things invisible to mortal sight*, or human comprehension.

The wisdom of God, in severe dispensations to his children, by which he tries their integrity, and influences their conduct, I have formerly endeavoured to illustrate, in my sermon on the unsearchableness of God's ways, and the benefits of afflictive Providences: Therefore, I shall not here trouble you with a repetition of those sentiments. Though give
me

me leave to observe, that I believe many attachments to objects of external sense, will militate against the superior excellencies of the mind, and draw a thick cloud on the understanding.—The capacities of the soul are too extensive to be gratified by sublunary enjoyments. Riches, honour, and the love of animal pleasure, though *worshipped as the three great idols of this world*, wisdom and philosophy looks on with a cool eye, notwithstanding they bear such an imperious sway in the human breast; that they will not easily surrender their influence to the calm voice of reason and religion; till tired out with the inanity of success, and the splendid fatigue of ostentatious appearances, the man begins to look into himself, and court the blessings of privacy and freedom.

Every day's experience may convince us, how little we can enjoy of all this world has to offer, when we are perplexed with doubt, or harrassed with pain. But still there is great consolation to be drawn from this source of trial. Eyes are frequently the inlets of vice, and very active agents in administering to
the

the sins of incontinence, covetousness, envy, and a long train of other black passions. It is but one part of the enjoyments of life, (though I admit it to be a very valuable part) that lies in our eyes. Sir JOHN DENHAM was very expressive on this subject, when he said,

O happiness of blindness! Now no beauty
Inflames my lust; no others good, my envy;
Or misery, my pity; no man's wealth
Draws my respect; nor poverty my scorn;
Yet still I see enough! Man to himself
Is a large prospect, rais'd above the level
Of his low-creeping thoughts; if then I have
A world within myself, that world should be
My empire; there I'll reign, commanding freely,
And willingly obey'd, secure from fear
Of foreign forces, or domestic treasons,
And hold a monarchy more free, more absolute,
Than in my father's seat; and looking down
With scorn, or pity, on the slipp'ry state
Of kings, will tread upon the neck of fate.

Under the deprivation of sight, ambition seems a phantom, and we are ready to bid that airy bubble take her flight back to the prince of vanity and delusion. The darkness of night is a strong emblem of blindness:

ness: But at that solemn time, if sleep will not shed its opiate dews on our eyes, contemplation often fills the mind with those sublime ideas, of which darkness is *thought* to be more productive than light, by the strength of its impressions. LOCKE, I think, is of opinion, that darkness is not naturally an idea of terror, but that its horrors arise from superstition.

But if superstition bears sway in weak minds, the strength of your's, HORTENSIVS, should repel its power. You should remember, that if you are deprived of one blessing, you are in possession of many other rich ones, to entertain you in the languor of retirement. You are a nice judge of music, and the dulcet harmony of sound still courts your ear, from the first proficient in that science, whose sacred art anticipates the joys of heaven, and *wakens raptures high*. Your friends surround you, and with animated good sense, lively and refined conversation, are emulous who shall most contribute to your entertainment, or soften your anxiety. With the communications of this improving circle, you can feed

on

on thoughts, and enjoy the luxury of learning and eloquence. Are not these sublime pleasures but little inferior to the visual rays of light? Deprived of these illuminations of the understanding, and the endearing consolations of reciprocal friendship, the sun, in his glory, would grow dim in our eyes, or else dazzle us by the intense splendour of his beams; which overpowering the organs of sight, obliterates all objects. Surely, my friend, you should not indulge gloom under the pressure of one misfortune, whilst you are blest with affluence, health, and many other comforts, which are as the balm of Gilead, and bear the impression of the broad seal of divine munificence.

You well know, HORTENSIUS, *the spirit of a man is that which upholds his infirmities*. Patience is allowed to be the universal panacea under inevitable misfortunes: It has a wonderful efficacy to strengthen the mind, whilst it rectifies the judgment, and removes from the eye that false glare, through which it was wont to view the objects of sense.—Then reason holds forth her *heaven-lighted*
3 *lamp,*

lamp, and we are directed by it, to converse with the great Father of spirits, which, by its divine influence, elevates the soul above the sense of human distress. At such a time, it is a thought of piercing energy to meditate on what the Saviour of the world suffered for us; how he left the bosom of his Father, and the right hand of glory, in the celestial mansions, to endure the complicated distress of pain, penury, and calumny,—to redeem us from sin and misery; thereby leaving us an example to follow his steps, who, in all respects, verified the prophecy concerning him, *being a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief*. Yet we, who are honoured with the Christian name, think it very hard to follow our leader through sufferings.—The great Master of the world, was so driven from it, that *he* had not where to lay his head! And so indigent, that *he* was obliged to work a miracle to pay a small tribute. Though it was his supreme delight to go about doing good; yet that good was sure to be evil spoken of, and attributed to the workings of an infernal spirit, when its origin was so truly divine.

divine. This being the state of the Son of God when on earth, can the disciple expect to be above his master, who bore this, and much more, with patience and resignation, for our sakes?

From various quarters the arrows of distress fly to the human heart. I have been visiting the mansions of poverty and disease, which has given my thoughts a very serious turn.— This day have I seen a divine of eminent learning, who was lately held in high esteem, now sunk, by the power of oppression and resentment, to absolute penury, without a shilling for support, and attacked by a complication of disorders, which renders the unhappy object unable to do any thing to alleviate his distress. This is a scene which draws very hard upon humanity; and those persons who bask in affluence, and never turn their feet to the habitations of misery, nor their ear to its complaints, can have but little idea what their fellow-creatures suffer, whose delicacy of situation will not permit them to be common beggars.

Well

Well might Job say, *Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward*; for dangers meet him at his first entrance into life, and he enters into it crying, which implies pain: And no sooner doth he commence an actor on the transitory stage, than he is subject to this threats of impending evils; which threats are often the harbingers of that real grief, which bedews the way with tears, from the cradle to the grave. Nor can infant innocence, youthful vivacity, manly strength, sapient age, the persuasive rhetoric of virgins, the importunate prayer of widows;—nor yet the benign smiles of a prince, secure the *man* from that numerous train of evils incident to mortality. These, my dear friend, are truths, many of which you have experienced; and no one endowed with rational faculties, but must subscribe to them, when they yield themselves up to the power of deliberate reflection: Such a person is compelled to assent to this decree, “That this world affords no true enjoyment, no gratification adequate to our spiritual natures.” ’Tis a false happiness, the votaries of sublunary pleasures pre-

tend to: Like an inconstant mistress, they fly their embrace, *and pall upon the sense*: They may, indeed, like watery sun-beams, for a time, shine with a deceiving lustre; but being baffled and disappointed by human contingencies, they will dissolve in tears; which peace of conscience, and a firm reliance on the immutable promises of a divine Being, can only dry.

As you like poetical quotations, permit me to conclude this serious epistle with a few lines from Dr. WATTS:

O glorious solace of immense distress,
A conscience, and a God! A friend at home,
And better friend on high!—This is my rock
Of firm support,—my shield of sure defence,
Against infernal arrows. Rise my soul,
Put on thy courage: Here's the living spring
Of joys divinely sweet, and ever new,
A peaceful conscience, and a smiling heaven.

Most earnestly wishing my afflicted HORTENSIVS this serene joy and consolation,

I am now, and at all times,

His sympathetic, and obliged friend,

PHILANTHEA.

T O T H E S A M E.

ON RETIREMENT : WITH AN ODE TO RETIREMENT, BY SWIFT.

YOU have, in your turn, HORTENSIVS, given consolation to me, by permitting your secretary to tell me, my late epistle harmonized your mind, under the melancholy dispensations of Providence. Many comforts are undoubtedly mixed in the cup you so reluctantly drink of, which I am glad you give a free welcome to, it being mixed with rational entertainments and amusements.

It gave me satisfactory pleasure, to hear you intend to renew your private concerts; and that JUBAL's *lyre* is soon to be new strung, and MIRIAM has promised to exert *her tuneful voice*, to regale yourself and friends by her sweet warbling! I do not pretend to be a judge in music, yet I think that *lady* has

great powers in it. When her voice accompanied your organ, in the dirge that was played the day your noble sister died, the angelic sound seemed to me, a kind of *requiem to her parting soul*!—And I could have wished the melodious strains to have continued till my rapt spirit had ascended the celestial mansions. Indeed, the occasion and grandeur of the solemn music so affected me, that I scarcely knew whether I was in this world or the next.—The swelling notes took my sense prisoner, and, like the attendant spirit, when listening to the distressed lady in MILTON's *Comus*,

————— I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death.

Being so superlatively happy at your last private concert, it is matter of serious concern to me, that I cannot do myself the honour to accept of your invitation to the next. Business interferes, and that must give way to pleasure.

I wish

I wish I could, with any degree of propriety, comply with your request, in writing something to the memory of your late excellent sister, worthy her character and relation to you. But this is a vain wish! MELPO-MENE will not aid me, and therefore I dare not attempt it: Besides, your late sister's sons are dignitaries in the *church*, and much more capable of such a task. I have read the inscriptions on the tombs of her ancestors, and the Reverend Doctor F——, her husband, in Westminster Abbey, and should blush to have the weak efforts of my pen appear near it: The very thought would restrain my feet from entering the hallowed isle! and I should shrink in a manner from myself, as a person guilty of sacrilege, or prophanation of the dead, every time I found myself under that noble, sacred roof. In that universe of death, I frequently indulge myself in pleasing melancholy, and useful meditations: This species of contemplation being a kind of anodyne to me, when under the pressure of some internal pains. I have penned down some reflections I lately made on my return from

the Abbey ; and if they can sooth your pen-
five hours, I will venture to inclose them,
knowing you will allow for my limited capa-
city on so extensive a subject. In that so-
lemn recess, where so many entombed war-
riors lie ! I thought, HORTENSIVS, it was
very desirable to have some time betwixt a
soldier's life and his death. Did not CÆSAR
AUGUSTUS make it a part of his prayer,
“ that he might live to retire, and deliver
himself from public business ? ” The Roman
state, in the reign of this emperor, knew its
meridian of glory and grandeur. The blef-
sings of peace secured the lives of such a
number of inhabitants in the Roman empire,
that at the last census AUGUSTUS solemnized,
ECHARD tells us, there was found four mil-
lions one hundred thousand, and thirty-seven
heads, in *Rome*. Yet, we find neither public nor
private riches could make this great prince in
love with popularity : Therefore, HORTEN-
SIVS, if AUGUSTUS was palled with the en-
joyments of state, and wished for the privi-
lege only of a mean, or obscure person, will
it not afford you consolation, that you can
enjoy

enjoy that tranquillity he sighed for in vain ! What were the honours you received as governor of ———, (when you served his majesty in that capacity) put in competition with that serene pleasure you enjoy at your country seat ? There you make all happy around you, which perhaps you could not do in a foreign country. I know you have no pride in founding titles, nor elevated distinctions ; but when they enlarge your power of doing good, then, *only*, you feel their energy.

Retirement, to a person in advanced life, after the fatigue of a public employment, I take to be like a refreshing inn to a weary traveller, or the balm of Gilead to a wounded mind. Did not SCIPIO AFRICANUS, after he had defeated the Carthaginians, conquered Africa, and brought invincible glory to Rome, refuse the honour of being made her *perpetual consul and dictator* ? This refusal, I apprehend, was before the disgust he received at the tribunitian authority, in calling him to an account for the money of the state. When his magnanimous conduct, in restoring her grandeur, and preserving the rights and

I 4 liberty

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I 4 liberty

liberty of Rome, had been so justly celebrated, that he could not bear an impeachment of his dignity in point of *justice*. After acting so great a part on the theatre of the world, as this *hero* did, how serenely noble was his retreat to his country-house at Liternum? History gives us another example of this nature in *DIOCLESIAN*, who chose the sweets of retirement, and manual labour, in his little garden and orchard at *Salona*, rather than to re-assume the government of the Roman empire. *COWLEY*, who was a warm advocate for serenity, has, I think, given a pretty poetical description of rural enjoyment, in his poem intitled *The Garden*, which he concludes with celebrating *DIOCLESIAN*'s retreat: But whatever merit there was in this part of *DIOCLESIAN*'s conduct, and in some periods of his reign, his severe persecution of the Christians must always be thought of with horror! The calm courage of the rustic, but noble *CINCINNATUS*! eclipses the glory of a thousand tyrants. When he was led away by the deputies of the Roman senate, to be their consul, we are told, he left his cottage with
regret,

regret, telling his wife, as they parted, "I fear, my ATTILLIA, that for this year our little fields must remain unsown." This brave man, when afterwards dictator of Rome, and enabled, by his counsel, to save her from destruction, and rescue the Roman army from a powerful enemy, could not be persuaded to enrich himself with its spoils; but declined any reward of victory and wisdom, even from the senate itself; choosing to retreat once more to his farm, and preferring the charms of retirement there, to the splendid fatigue of office. To these noble Romans, I might add many more voluntary recluses of this Island; but I imagine that Secretary WAL-SINGHAM, and others, are recent in memory: Therefore I shall conclude this list with CHARLES the Fifth of Spain, who, in the full blaze of his glory, resigned the throne to his son PHILIP, and retired to a convent in Estremadura.

"See CHARLES more pleas'd within the convent's gloom,

"Seeking the slaves calm nights, their temperate days,

"And peaceful passage to the private tomb,

"Than diadem'd with glory's crimson rays."

I 5

Though

Though I have been so prolix in favour of retirement, from the examples quoted, I would only wish to urge its advantages to those persons, whose infirmities of mind or body calls for it. It is cowardice to quit the stage of action, before we have performed our allotted part on it; and often such a retreat proceeds more from a stoical apathy of soul, than true heroism. On such inglorious tranquillity Lord LYTTLTON has expressed my sentiments in the following lines:

Not him I praise, who from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening, generous passion fir'd,
On flowery couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay;
Who fears bright glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy.
But blest is he, who exercis'd in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil end the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies labour won, &c. &c.

Vide the Epistle to Mr. POYNTEZ, ambassador at the congress of Soissons.—Written at Paris, 1728.

The delicate flowers of virtue will not flourish in every soil; they love shade, and
I often

often thrive best in it. In recess, memory, that kind monitor of thought, enriches the mind with those treasures that cannot be unlocked in the field of action, but must be reserved for the garden of contemplation and serene delight. Surrounded with the fragrant odours that shrubs and flowers luxuriantly affords us at this rich season of the year, you may fancy yourself in a terrestrial Paradise. Celestial beings are said to have honoured such sweet retirements with their angelic presence; and the brightest stars in the hemisphere of learning, have been glad to leave the regions of sin and smoke, to converse with the purer inhabitants of rural shades. In such blissful society, imagination may make you suppose you hear the creation of the world described by RAPHAEL, or JOB; DAVID and ISAIAH entertaining you personally with their superior sublimity, on the works of nature and providence. Could I command my time, or fix my thoughts on what I would most wish, I would read much in these inspired writers: But remember, my friend, for your consolation, though these

prophets were enlightened by heavenly wisdom, yet they were men who knew great public and private distress, from which no distinctions of greatness or virtue could not screen them. They experienced distress, which might have caused a despondency of the divine goodness in weaker minds, or drawn a veil over their intellectual powers, which is often the effect of a gloomy habit of thinking; a habit, I hope, for your sake, as well as others, you will not indulge. I am impatient to spend some chearful hours with you, and to be entertained with that enlivening converse, which gives great satisfactory pleasure to your friends; but to no one more, than

Your

PHILANTHEA.

P. S. For your entertainment, I have sent you an Ode to Retirement, by the ingenious THEO. SWIFT, Esq.

ODE

O D E

T O

R E T I R E M E N T.

I N rural scenes, where *Meditation* dwells,
 Nurst by the silent Genius of the shade,
 To virtuous leisure 'scap'd,
 RETIREMENT, thee I woo!

For not the pomp of pow'r, nor fame bestow'd,
 Can charm the sting, that lurks beneath the star.

Self-victory is pow'r,
 And *self-applause* is fame.

Thee, Goddess, in a distant grot retir'd,
 The dryad *peace* to *love* one morning bore.

The rosy-bosom'd *hours*,
 And *virtues* of the vale,

From noise and folly snatch'd their infant charge,
 Then smil'd, and said, "RETIREMENT be her name."

Thee, meadow-loving maid,
 A train of graces wait:

Above the rest, *Simplicity* is seen,
 A village maid, succinct in neat attire.

Thus blooms, in artless state,
 The lily of the vale.

With

With guiltless cheek, light heart, and laughing eye,
Mild as the morn, see *Innocence* advance,
 A rose-bud in her hand,
 Opening to *Virtue's* sun.
Unlike the flower, in *Pleasure's* golden grove,
Which thorns surround, that goad the guilty breast;
 A rose, whose leaves among
 Destructive vipers lurk.
What time the high-pois'd lark to heaven ascends,
And steals new music from the listening spheres,
 Attendant *Exertise*,
 A nymph of nut-brown hue,
Her bugle winds, rejoicing by the side,
Whilst *Health* her cottage quits, and bounds before,
 Her cheeks with crimson dy'd,
 That shames the purchas'd rose.
Not so the pale-faced daughters of the town,
That waste in withering ease, and curtain'd sloth,
 The morning of their prime,
 Which art but ill supplies.
Strong as the thunder-grasping bird of Jove,
Genius, with eagle eyes, that love the sun,
 Up with the light pursues
 The game that *Fiction* starts,
Whilst *Liberty* and *Fancy* lead the way,
THYSELF the *Dian* of the sportive band.—
 Whether by some lone stream,
 Gurgling its silver lapse,
All on a sunny bank repos'd you lye;
Or seek the studious covert of the grove;

Or

Or climb the mountain's breast,
That leans upon the vale ;
Or walk the windings of life's humble path,
And find a moral in each springing flower.
Whether a Goddess born,
ÆGERIA be thy name,
By moonlight woo'd in *ARICINA*'s grove,
What time from state withdrawn to thoughtful ease,
The philosophic king *
Found *Wisdom* in the shade.
O come, with musing *Melancholy* join'd,
Queen of the pensive brow, and downcast eye !
With sober step advance,
And lead me to thy cell,
Thine ivy cell, with mantling moss o'erspread,
The cave of *Solitude*, an hermit hoar !
O come, and all attir'd
By *Fancy*'s fairy train,
The heaven-ey'd wood-nymph, *Contemplation*, bring,
Thy rural sister of coëval birth.
And thou, romantic maid,
Enthusiasm, come !
O'er the wild wonders of thy various world,
Roll the *fine phrenzy* of the poet's eye.
Thy laurel groves among,
Thee, *Science*, let me court ;
Thou the coy *DAPHNE* that declines my grasp,
And I the *PHOEBUS* of the warm pursuit.

* NUMA.

And

And where *the Ruin* * nods
 His moss-compelling † head,
 Be mine the small, but dear paternal spot,
 Whose aged oaks, with patriarchal care,
 Their guardian arms extend
 To shade the peaceful door.
 Be mine the prattle of the neighbouring brook,
 The distant dashing, and the dying fall
 Of the white, broken wave,
 That murmurs from the hill.
 Be mine the yellow orchard's burnish'd load,
 More precious than the branch *ÆNEAS* bore.
 And mine the rooty bench,
 Whose lofty scire commands
 The stretching landscape, where, thro' cultur'd meads,
 Smooth-winding *Vaga* ‡ rolls her willowy tide.
 Or me, ye Muses, lead
 To *Avon*'s haunted groves,
 Where *SOMERVILLE* the chace of health pursued,
 And tenderness yet weeps o'er *SHENSTONE*'s urn.
Avon!—the loveliest stream,
 That laves, and cheers the vale;
 Whose flow'ry banks contending Beauties grace,
 The poet's wonder, as the poet's theme!
 Embosom'd in thy shades,
 Sweet *Avon*, let me live,

* The castle of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, which commands one of the most beautiful and romantic prospects in the kingdom.

† Νεφαληγερετα Σεις. ——— *HOM.*

‡ The river *Wye*.

Drink inspiration from thy stream, and catch
Thy SHAKESPEARE'S spirit, wandering in thy winds!

But not in *Solitude*

Man, social man, delights.

For well the *Stagirite*, whose sapience mark'd

The wants and wishes of dependent man,

Him *God* or *Beast** defin'd,

That shuns society:

And holy wisdom thus divinely sings,

"It is not good that man should live alone †."

Give me, ye pow'rs! the nymph,

Whose social converse charms,

Whose beauty borrows from her virtue, grace;

Her lips persuasion, wisdom in her eye!

Like the touch'd needle true,

Or sol's enamour'd flower ‡,

Let all her words, her gestures, looks, and thoughts,

To me still point, the PHOEBUS of her vows.

To *solitary* man,

Heav'n darling woman gave.

Thus all alone, the patriarch § fought, and found,

By meditation, favour in the field;

And as he mus'd, he met

The maid of *Haran* || there.

* ARISTOTLE well observes, that he who shuns society, must be either a God or a wild beast, ὁ θεὸς, ὁ ζῷον.

† Gen. ii. 18.

‡ The heliotrope, or sun-flower.

§ ISAAC. "And ISAAC went out to meditate in the field at the eventide: and he lift up his eyes and saw," &c. — GEN.

|| REBEKAH.

Like

Like him, at eventide, I'll range the field,
Muse in the shade, and combat with the world,
 A *Parthian* fight maintain,
 And vanquish by *Retreat*.
So shall life's little stream in silence glide,
Like *ARETHUSA*, from the world away.
 When the pure breeze of morn
 Her balmy incense breathes,
And every bush is burthen'd with a song,
The hallelujah of the heart I'll pour ;
 And when the stars of night
 Their golden worship pay,
At heav'n's high gate prevailing pray'r shall knock,
Shall humbly knock, yet say, " I will be heard."
 I'll wear the *cheerful look*,
 Religion's fav'rite garb :
The glow of joy shall flush my guiltless cheek,
Joy, chasten'd by *Contentment's* sober smile.
 Thus having acted well
 The little farce of life,
In *Hope's* reposing bow'r I'll lay me down,
And *Charity* shall watch me with her wing.
 Her tutelary torch
 The seraph *Faith* shall trim,
To light the evening of my life, and gild
The setting sun, that seeks another world.
 RETIREMENT, thou art *Peace*,
 And *Peace* is *Virtue's* friend.

T O T H E S A M E :

WITH REFLECTIONS IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY,
AND THOUGHTS ON THE RESURRECTION.

HOW many awful thoughts does a contemplation in that sacred repository of fame and grandeur, I am just returned from visiting, inspire ! A mind that is thoroughly serene, loves to indulge those ideas that naturally arise under the illustrious dome of St. PETER'S : It is a good school of morality ; and it is sometimes as useful to meditate on the tombs of dead princes, as it is deemed honourable to be admitted to the courts of living monarchs.

In this gloomy recess of the puissant,—illustrious,—most noble,—right honourable,—valiant,—and all the string of titles that are given to the various lumps of distinguished clay ; the ruminating mind may reflect, how little
it

it avails the silent dust, that lies under the curious high-wrought monument, to *be celebrated by historians, flattered by poets, applauded in theatres, approved in senates, or even sanctified in pulpits.* The emblematical figures in the polished marble, that are so truly expressive of the noble art of that great master in sculpture, ROUBILIAC, may give elegant amusement to the spectator, and prolong the memory of the deceased, but cannot go farther. Here, likewise, the philosopher has ample food for entertainment, by contemplating the ravage *time* and *death* have made, by laying so many noble minds waste! —Waste did I say? O no! though the lamp of life is expired, and all the riches and honours of it are consigned to other masters, yet the pure in heart shall rise to brighter fame, and more unfulled dignities and grandeur, than ever fell to the share of the most eminent heroes, or patriots; or even to the Roman CÆSARS themselves. The dark veil *death* has drawn over their eyes, can only extinguish the lustre of human glory, but not limit divine power.

It

It is an awful thought to reflect on the sepulchres of mighty kings, and entombed warriors, who, like ALEXANDER, might have deemed one world too little for their dominion! Yet he, POMPEY, CÆSAR, and all the ambitious sons of NEPTUNE and MARS, who insatiably dyed the globe with human blood, are, — who can tell what? Now their martial hate sublides, and they are vanquished by a victorious conqueror, and fixed, by an imperial mandate, to the dreary mansions of the dead! When we contemplate the monuments of veterans in *war*, we may well ask with the princely prophet, “Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake the kingdoms? That did make the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof, that opened not the doors of the prisoners? All the kings of the nations, even all of them lie in glory, every one in his own house.” Many are the honours which decorum and public spirit pay to the breathless form of royalty, and distinguished clay, before it is consigned to this prison-house. But it is a comfortable thought to reflect, that without any
other

other appendages of greatness than faith and good works, the oracle of divine revelation has assured us, *In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you.* And if the vicarious sufferings and meritorious intercession of that blessed harbinger, to whom all power is given, can procure us a passport for the celestial gates; nothing but prophane wit, or strong infidelity, will object to there being room for us in the immensity of space. This sophistical notion I have heard advanced, but I presume to hope it must be confined to libertinism *only*.—It would better become the man of reason to consider, and graft into his mind and actions, those divine graces and perfections, which will assimilate, in some degree, the creature to his Creator; and insure his welcome to the regions of never-fading bliss! For no human power can stop the dance of death*, which, like a watchman, calls at the most unguarded doors.

In

* The dance of death, in the church-yard of the Predicants of the suburbs of St. JOHN, is always shewn to strangers, as being of HOLBEIN's pencil. It is
painted

In this embodied state, the most refined or sublime imagination can have no adequate perception

painted in oil colours upon a wall, and guarded by an iron railing: But as it has several times been retouched, no traces are discoverable of that great master's hand. In fact, Mr. HORACE WALPOLE, and other unquestionable judges, have shewn, beyond a doubt, that it was painted not only before HOLBEIN was born, and as a memorial of the plague which raged at Basil, during the sitting of the celebrated council appointed by Pope EUGENIUS the IVth, in 1431; but that he was not even employed in retouching it. It is probable, however, that, from this ancient performance, he took the first hint towards composing his famous drawings of the dance of death. In treating this subject, he has discovered such wonderful richness of imagination, and shewn so much judgment in the disposition of the figures, and so much spirit in the execution of them, that RUBENS studied them with particular attention, and took drawings from them himself.

The originals were purchased by Mr. FLEECHMAN, of Strasburg, at the sale of the famous collection of CROZAT, at Paris; of which MARIETTE has given a catalogue. They are now in the possession of Prince GALLICIN, ambassador from the empress of Russia to the court of Vienna: They consist of forty-four small drawings; the outlines are sketched with a pen, and they are slightly shaded with Indian ink. I had frequent

perception of the supreme joys of heaven: The immutable felicity of its inhabitants must far transcend all finite comprehension.—If an astronomer cannot tell the magnitude of a star with the naked eye, nor how far one differs from another in glory, how can mortal man define the superlative bliss of the

quent opportunities at Vienna, and particularly admired the amazing variety of attitudes and characters in which death is represented. Mr. DE MECHEL ingeniously conjectures, from the dresses and characters of several of the figures in the dance of death, that the author sketched them while he was in England. They were probably in the Arundelian collection, when HOLLAR copied them.

Extract from the Rev. Mr. WILLIAM COXE's Letters to WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq; dated from Basil.

Dance of death, called the dance of St. PAUL's, as appears by the following transcript from STOWE's Survey of London, book the 1st, page 310.

“ JOHN CARPENTER, town-clerk of London, in the reign of HENRY the Fifth, caused, with great expence, to be curiously painted upon board, about the north cloister of St. PAUL's, a monument of death, leading all estates, with the speeches of death, and answer of every state.” This cloister was pulled down 1549.

New

New Jerusalem, which no mortal eye hath seen, nor ear heard? Crowns, scepters, and rivers of pleasure, are used as metaphors for the grand description, because they are the highest distinctions of human greatness: But still they must convey a very faint idea of divine glory; a glory that cannot be revealed to us, till we burst the prison in which our senses lie dead, at the sound of the archangel's trump, and our scattered particles are again re-united to their former state: Then *the sea shall give up her dead*; and the emblems of the resurrection, so nobly depicted on the magnificent monuments of WILLIAM HARGRAVE, Esq; and the late Admiral TYRREL, must yield to the general ruin: Then the bodies will rise that have been sown in dishonour, (though with great funeral pomp) under

" That ancient, sacred, and illustrious dome,
" Where, soon or late, fair Albion's heroes come,
" From camps, and courts, tho' great, or wise, or just,
" To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
" That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
" *Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread:*

“ Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
 “ And render back their long-committed dust :
 “ Now charnels rattle ; scatter’d limbs, and all
 “ The various bones, obsequious to the call,
 “ Self-mov’d advance ;—the neck perhaps to meet
 “ The distant head ; the distant head the feet.
 “ Dreadful to view, see thro’ the dusky sky
 “ Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
 “ To distant regions journeying, there to claim
 “ Deserted members, and compleat the frame.”

Dr. YOUNG’s Last Day, book the second.

Happy, supremely happy ! will it be for those that awake on that awful day, at the sound of the solemn trumpet, to rise in the image of their glorified Redeemer ! St. PAUL might well say, *Behold I shew you a mystery,* when he declared, *We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump, &c. &c.*

The mystery of the resurrection of the body is undoubtedly very great ; and sleep may well be called one of its lesser mysteries : For in that torpid state our senses lie in a manner annihilated under the sable veil. Unless fancy waves her magic rod, the symmetry of beauty, architecture, and all the works

of nature and art are lost upon us: Yet how astonishing is it, that every morn, as soon as we throw off the fetters of sleep which chained our faculties, we instantaneously arise to a new life! We rally our scattered powers in a moment, and look inward and around us in admiration at ourselves, on finding our sinews new strung, and our numbed limbs vigorous, and united in active usefulness. —How emblematic this daily restoration of ourselves, of the final resurrection of the body! Nor is this the only lively emblem, for every returning spring exhilarates the mind with the same chearful idea.

What strong hopes of our bodies rising from the grave, does the resurrection of nature impart? When we see the bladed stem and tendril shoot their leaves, and burst into vegetative life again, from those latent roots, that, in appearance, were dead, whilst nature lay in its congealed state: Then who will deny the power of Omnipotence, or think it incredible, that God should raise the dead? For no sooner does the spring reassume her verdant livery, than all those bounties of

K 2

nature,

nature, which seemed withered, and chained up by the hoar frost, regain their usual beauties. The warbling music from the groves convinces us, that creative energy works through all the animal, as well as the vegetable world. When that glorious luminary, the *sun*, steps forth in bridegroom majesty, to replenish sea and air with myriads of the finny race and feathered tribes, what a new creation instantly appears around us?—And if the stork in the heavens is taught to know her appointed time; and the crane and the swallow are divinely instructed when to appear, is it reasonable to think that *man*, made in the image of his *Maker*, shall be forgotten, and detained a captive in the gloomy confines of the grave? Are not all things possible with God? If *he* says, to these dead bones, *live*, shall it not be so? When the Almighty commands the South to give up, and the North to keep not back, will not each clime restore the prisoners death has laid in their respective dominions? Is it not as easy for Omnipotence to re-people another world spontaneously, as it was to bring order out of rude chaos?

Then

Then why should the proud sceptic stagger at the belief of a resurrection? Surely revelation teaches this mysterious truth, and reason must give her assent to its sublimity.

“ Nor to our earth, or earth’s poor confines bound,
“ The soul dilated, glorified, and free,
“ On seraphs wings shall soar, and drink in glad,
“ New draughts of high delight from each survey
“ Of its Creator’s kingdoms! Pleas’d shall pass
“ From star to star; from planetary worlds,
“ And systems far remote; to systems, worlds
“ Remoter still, in boundless *depths of space*,
“ Each peopled with its myriads.”—

Comfortable reflection! that when the frame of this world shall be dissolved, the good man will stand secure amidst its ruins; for it only hastens him to that blessed immortality, where all tears shall be wiped from his eyes, that *he* may fully enjoy the beatific vision. Though here the virtuous have often reason to declare, with the great apostle; *If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable*; yet, in the succeeding world, patience having been perfected below, will ripen into fruition; and he that was

treated with the contumelious scorn of the rich, because he struggled with undeserved distress, when a pilgrim on earth, will, in heaven, be regarded as an angel of light, when found to have trod in the footsteps of his blessed *Master*, and be invited to sit down, with all the celestial guests, at the supper of that immaculate LAMB.

PHILANTHEA.

CONTEM-

CONTEMPLATIONS

IN A NIGHT OF VIOLENT

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

ALL-powerful Creator and Ruler of the universe! to thee I bow in humblest submission.—For me the creature of thy forming hand vouchsafe thy saving mercy!—This night, this awful night! extend thy loved compassion!—How are thy numerous majestic glories now exhibited? Around the clear expanse of heaven the vivid lightning flash.—Alarming meteors play a thousand mimic forms, and strikes the dumb spectator with amaze!—The azure vault is studded thick with stars, which seem as mute attendants on the awful scene; while they attend with manifest composure, do thou, my more

than Father, endue thy prostrate child with like submission.—Thy mercies I adore, thy judgments I revere.—The thunder rolls around!—The forked lightning darts continual fire! the sound,—the light is most tremendous! But while protected by thy all-sufficient arm, what cause have I for fear? Fixing an entire confidence on thee, I, undismayed, survey this war of elements; regarding them as (what they really are) the bounteous messengers of thine amazing goodness! Thy almighty wisdom has ordained those elemental jars, conducive to the good of mortals.—Were these confined in air, or earth, what dire calamities might happen? Eruptive earthquakes, shaking the habitable globe, would overwhelm the strongest tower within its dread abyss:—Astonishing, tremendous thought! Then thou, my soul, (instead of being intimidated at the scene) bow down thy every power in thankful veneration. Adore the Almighty Deity: Praise him each moment of thy frail existence; and let thy every thought revere his goodness! Thus shalt

shalt thou find a constant, calm composure,
nor heed the thunders voice, or lightnings
blaze, more than to declare with the inspired
penman, "Heaven and earth are full of the
majesty of thy glory."

CAMILLIA.

P. S. The ingenious authoreſs of the
Acroſtic Rebus.—Vide page 154.

TO A VERY
YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

WHO REQUESTED THE AUTHOR WOULD MAKE
VERSES ON HIM.

DEAR PETER, I come thy desire to fulfil,
Nor can I refuse thee the blots of my quill:
Then tell me thy wish,—the pursuits of thy mind,
If to interest or pleasure thine heart is inclin'd?
Is praise thy ambition?—A reed at the best;
Trust not the deceiver, 'twill rob thee of rest.
When parties and faction the nation divide,
A star on the breast is a thorn in the side.

Do books, men, or manners, thy fancy engage?
Or pants thy young bosom with patriot rage?
Mere phantoms in air, that no blifs can dispense,
Unless well supported by virtue and sense.

Thy brows would'st thou bind with the laurels of fame?
The hydra's of envy and interest tame.
Associate with none but the good and the wise,
By such thou to merited honours shall rise.
The smiles of the syren avoid in thy youth;
By virtue we rise to the temple of truth,
Where pleasure herself shall provide thee a seat,
And PETER the Good become Peter the Great*.

PHILANTHEA.

* Alluding to the czar of Muscovy.

TO A
Y O U N G L A D Y,

ON HER FIRST COMING TO LONDON.

L E T T E R I.

INDEED, my dear PEGGY, I little thought your company and PETER's would have led me into such an embarrassment, as to compel me to invoke the Muses to oblige you. I love to indulge innocent simplicity. In that single view, I complied with PETER's request; and, presuming on his good-nature, ventured a small portion of poetical advice to the amiable youth. It was impossible *then* for me to think you would have seen the lame performance, or have importuned me on the same subject. I have so little interest at the court of Parnassus, that not one of the nymphs there will favour me with the

least assistance, to make my court to *beaus*, or to gain the ear of fine *ladies*: No, not even to congratulate your arrival in town. But to avoid any further charge from you of partiality, I shall venture to inclose to you my sentiments in rhyme: But I hope, my lovely PEGGY, we have been so many years united in the bonds of amity, that you will not take it ill of me, that, on this occasion, I have not prostituted one of the first essays of my muse to flattery.—Flattery from the other sex you ought, in my opinion, much more to dread, than to be pleased with: It being an *ignis fatuus*, which at all times very much misleads the judgment; but from one female to another, what can be more insipid or disgusting? The well-known epithets of *charming! young, and fair!* are sounds often echoed in your ear; I make no doubt, much oftener than you wish, in this great metropolis:—A place in which you may gain great improvement, by observation in that circle of good company, which your rank in life intitles you to keep. But I hope my amiable friend will not acquire any of the politer accomplishments,

plishments, at the expence of her native modesty and sincerity, which many country ladies are apt to do, who lend too free an ear to the soft strains of adulation. Excuse my freedom, and accept the weak efforts of that affectionate esteem, with which I wish to be thought,

Your's sincerely, &c. &c.

WHILE compliments due to dear PEGGY I send,
Allow me to add the advice of a friend ;

Though a stranger in town, and much more to the arts
That daily are practis'd on innocent hearts ;

Despise not the friendship, that bids you beware
Of fops, that assert, with a confident air,

“ Not HELEN's so bright, nor is VENUS so fair :”

Nay, though they should swear, in full praise of your
charms,

That if Gods rov'd the earth, Gods would fly to your
arms ;

With caution your ear to such flattery lend ;—

True love, to your face, will but seldom commend.

Your lilies and roses may soon take their flight,

But sense and good-humour will always delight.

Though the lustre withdraw from the beams of your eye,

Yet the charms of your mind will that lustre supply.

With these still be blest! for these never will fade,
Though time, cruel time, should your beauties invade.
Like the bee then improve the hours as they pass,
Since swift, very swift, run life's fleeting glass:
Example, like PHOEBUS, is bright and is strong,
It points out the right, if it shews us the wrong;
And London's the place, which will fully dispense
Fair patterns of virtue, of prudence, and sense.

Thus, PEGGY, I've tried to fulfil your desire,
Though PHOEBUS denies me one spark of his fire,
Your praise to rehearse, or your virtues recite,
The muses in vain to my aid I invite.

Let HOMER and LIVY instruction supply,
The ancients can do it much better than I;
And dames of antiquity best will impart,
Those graces and virtues that glow in your heart:
From these—modern ladies may borrow a dress,
Or a mode too enchanting for me to express.
To writers of old then, I freely resign
The task of instruction, and charms of the nine.

T O T H E S A M E.

L E T T E R II.

S KILL'D in those arts that *shock* a British toast,
Here learned Greece her female worthies boast.
What modern nymph approves the ancient belle?
Who drew her hero, as her hero fell;
Describ'd his features by her needle's art,
Or trac'd in Carian * silks the bleeding heart:
Since looms no longer female hours engage,
Or fine-wrought stories warn a rising age,
To tales of old we must refer our youth,
Where fancy pleases most, adorn'd with truth.

All-hail PENELOPE, of ancient days!
Illustrious heiress of immortal praise!
'Twas thine of Grecian dames to reign the chief,
And ply the loom, to give the mind relief.
When thy lov'd lord from Ithaca retir'd,
This gave the comfort which thy soul requir'd:
While he was shifting on the Trojan strand,
Thy storied woes employ'd thy faithful hand;
The widow's cares the shuttle render'd less,
Till twice ten years had measur'd out distress.

* Carian. The island was famous for its purples.

Amidst her faithful nymphs, encompass'd round,
 The savage TARQUIN chaste LUCRETIA found :
 When PHOEBUS rose, and purpled o'er the sky,
 Her nymphs she taught the needle's art to ply ;
 And when he plung'd his chariot in the deep,
 The labours of the loom prevented sleep.
 Ill-fated matron ! that a TARQUIN's shame
 Should live to save from death thy spotless name !
 Enough, my Muse ; let faithful history tell,
 How chaste she liv'd, how gloriously she fell.

MINERVA's care to prudent nymphs imparts,
 A secret pleasure in unwearied arts :
 The gentler spirits of the patient fair,
 More for the distaff than the lance declare.
 Hence wisdom guards th' industrious maid from harms,
 Whilst art refines on nature's rougher charms :
 Be that thy task, which wisdom's rules instil,
 These aid the power, and these correct the will.

From danger safe, by what these rules suggest,
 One tyrant yet has power to seize thy breast :
 'Tis said, if love possesses a woman's brain,
 Reason shall plead, and wisdom preach in vain.
 I grant the maxim true ; yet must confess,
 That work and reading make the danger less ;
 For though " arts soften us to feel the flame,"
 Yet those who labour most, are least to blame.

Let not wild fancy spread her airy wings,
 To fan vain hopes that from vain wishes springs ;
 Trust not the dreams poetic tales rehearse,
 Fiction too oft is found the soul of verse ;

And

And fabled visions but enflame the fair,
That shunn'd before the castle built in air.
The mind, by vain ideas once engroft,
Regains no more that energy it lost;
And of all ills with which a woman's curst,
Sure the distemper of the brain is worst!

Nor for the toilet too much care express,
Life is too precious to be spent in dress;
Not all the splendour of a birth-day gown,
Nor courts, nor fashions, can confer renown;
The mind, well dress'd, will many cares engage,
That makes us shine in youth, and charm in age;
All is not beauty which we beauty call,
'Tis *virtue* stamps a value upon all.

Great share of beauty to thy form is giv'n,
Thy mind's an emblem of all-bounteous heav'n!
With these endowments let good sense conspire,
"To teach the world with reason to admire."

PHILANTHEA.

TO

T O

C L A R A,

WHO PRESIDES OVER THE EDUCATION OF
YOUNG LADIES.

AS nature form'd our features rough and mild,
So different inclinations sway the child :
United talents rarely are possess'd,
And various passions rule the female breast.
'Tis one's her taste in fancied dress to show ;
Another calls it source of daily woe :
One loves the muse, and one the park and play ;
That courts the cloister, this the milky way.
Proud science o'er some female minds shall reign ;
Of rainbow colours some are quite as vain :
To ply the needle, some are early bent,
And ever on domestic cares intent.
Happy for all !—But some take different turns,
And with a wandering fire their bosom burns ;
For something, nothing, what they cannot say,
Subject to each wild passion of the day.
Some touch the keys with admirable skill ;
Others as nobly guide the muse's quill ;

While

While vacant beings nothing can inspire,
Without one wish beyond their food and fire :
Their mind a blank, till by instruction form'd ;
Their bosoms heave, with emulation warm'd :
Then *love of conquest* quickens all their powers,
And in each girl the Roman virtue towers.

To lead the passions, and correct the will,
In every pupil claims peculiar skill :
Some are averse at learning's shrine to bend,
Discard the precept, or condemn the friend ;
Their stubborn nature still withholds the heart,
And to reform ; it is an arduous part.

But sweet the task o'er gentle minds to reign ;
Where prudence sways there needs but slender chain :
Sweet is the task !—well-cultivated land,
Sevenfold repays its master's careful hand ;
And 'tis a pleasing, well-directed toil,
To plant the virtues in a fruitful soil :
To future ages its increase shall swell,
And lisping babes in after-times may tell,
How CLARA's care improv'd their pliant youth,
And scatter'd fragrance on the paths of truth.

PHILANTHEA.

T O

A R A C H N E:

ON DRAWING THE PICTURE OF AN OLD MAN
WITH THE NEEDLE.

APPROACH, ye masters of the graphic art,
And see what life our needles can impart :
Might those who angels drew, from heaven descend,
Their praise would only with their wonder end.
Let those behold that can enough admire,
The infant hand that drew her aged fire ;
The furrow'd brow, where thoughtful wrinkles lie,
The hollow cheek, and lustre-lacking eye ;
All, all proclaim the pow'rful needle's skill,
That moves obedient to ARACHNE's will.

Go on, sweet girl ! till Greece and Rome confess
Their art out-done, their boasted labours less ;
Proceed, and thus explain thy native skies,
Till thou, in time, another angel rise.

P H I L A N T H E A.

O T

T O

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. R. W A T T S,

L A T E

WINE-MERCHANT, OF BRISTOL,

WHO DIED THE FIRST OF OCTOBER, 1776.

WHOSE virtues to pass over in silence, would be an injury to posterity: Though it is scarcely possible, for his most intimate friends, to declare, which, of the bright circle, shone with the most resplendent lustre.

Wisdom might be said to be his undoubted birthright, being endowed by nature with an extraordinary capacity, which was improved by classical education, and every species of modern literature. These embellishments sat on him with great ease, and rendered him,

at once, the instructive and pleasing companion.

He paid a sacred reverence to the laws of religion, and respect to those of his country. —A noble philanthropy of soul, made him as dear to the commonwealth as the Muses, each of whom was his attendant, and ambitious to twine her laurel round his brow.

In all social duties, he remarkably excelled. He was a most tender and affectionate husband; and, without the real distinction of a *father*, his bosom glowed with the most strong and paternal feelings!—Real genius, or indigent merit, in him found a beneficent and protecting friend; and the arts a zealous patron.

Thus adorned with rectitude of morals, Christian fortitude, and benevolence; the vicissitudes of life, which would have overcome others, augmented *only* his emulation to conquer them: So that, under *these*, he acquired the gifts of fortune with great reputation.

This small eulogium is very unequal to the merits of the *deceased*, and may be considered

dered as a debt of gratitude to his *memory*, and not as the incense of flattery.

May survivors copy, as well as admire, his virtues.—These will eternalize a *name* in the regions of a blessed immortality, far more permanent than the weak efforts of an admiring, sympathetic friend.

PHILANTHEA.

PRESENTED

- PRESENTED WITH THE
PICTURE OF THE AUTHOR,
TO
SIR T. R. BARONET,
WHO HAD DESIRED HER TO SIT FOR IT.

PHILANTHEA, worthy Sir, presents
This trifle, with her compliments:
O! could the picture but impart,
The glowings of her grateful heart!
More like the original 'twould seem,
And show the donor's just esteem.
Or could her wishes honours bring,
Like those conferr'd by Albion's king,
Britain's MÆCENAS then shou'd instant find,
No tints more lively than *a feeling mind.*

T O

F U L V I A :

ON THE TRANQUIL PLEASURE OF RURAL FELICITY.

I Have left the busy town, and all its tumultuous joys, for several weeks past, to visit some very worthy friends, who live a retired life in the humble vale of *Calmly*. That you have not heard from me since I have been there, is owing to my incapacity of entertaining a *lady* of your gaiety of temper, with volatile news from a village, where amusements seldom rise higher than a mountebank parade, or the rural felicity of a *May-pole*. No doubt but you will rally me for vulgarity of taste, when I tell you I was a spectator of these rustic diversions. But don't be severe on me, for you know my veneration for antiquity; and I can plead su-

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L

periors

periors in rank, who attended the festivities of a May-day, long before your humble servant was in being *. My being accidentally here at this time was a fortunate circumstance, as it gave the inhabitants (of the highest class)

* I find, formerly persons of distinction attended these festivities, as appears by the following transcript from Stow's Survey of London; where, speaking of shews, triumphs, and May-games, he informs us, "Of these Mayings we read, in the reign of HENRY the Sixth, that the aldermen and sheriffs of London being, on May-day, at the bishop of London's wood, in the parish of Stepney, and having there a worshipful dinner for themselves, and other comers, LYDGATE, the poet, that was a monk of Bury, sent to them, by a pursuivant, a joyful commendation of that season, containing sixteen staves in metre royal, beginning thus:

*Mighty FLORA, goddess of fresh flowers,
Which cloathed hath the soil in lusty green,
Make buds spring, with her sweet showers,
By influence of the sunshine.
To do pleasance of intents full clean,
Unto the states which now sit here,
Hath Ver sent down her own daughter dear,
Making the virtue that dared in the root,
Called of clerks, the virtue vegetable,
For to ascend most wholesome and most soete,*

Into

class) an opportunity to pay their respect to their worthy priest, by inviting his guest to their *May-pole*. I knew the compliment paid me meant as much respect, as a ticket from a duchess to a birth-night ball; and as such I received the simplicity of peasants with grateful sensibility. I excused myself from being near the centre of entertainment, as both my friends at the vicarage were invalids, for which reason I confined myself to the limits of their paddock. But though I could not, with propriety, share the honours of the day, in dancing round the *May-pole*, I was near enough stationed to be happy in seeing much innocent joy diffused over the face of the harmless cottagers, without any luxurious expence. How cheaply may pleasure be procured, where the mind is not

Into the top this season so agreeable :

The barweny liquor is so commendable,

That it rejoiceth, with his fresh moisture,

Man, beast, and fowl, and every creature, &c. &c.

This metre royal, I believe, would not sound very harmonious from our modern bards. I send it you for its originality, and not for the music of its numbers.

tainted with ambition nor extravagance! A ploughman's whistle, or a milk-maid's song, sometimes convey as much music as those Italian notes, for which you often pay a very high price at the Opera. But then they would not have the force of novelty, which has a most powerful charm for FULVIA.

Fine weather, and this gay season of the year, when *nature wantons in her prime*, I suppose, contributed to the chearfulness of this rural assembly. However, the delight so apparent in their aspect, communicated itself to my mind; and it was equal, if not superior, to any I ever felt, when I have been a spectator of the proud parade which attends the king when he goes to the parliament-house, or the glare and festivity that accompanies a lord-mayor's show. These pageants of a day wear off the mind with the exhibitions of it, or else leave it to reflect on the caprices of fortune: For you know, the followers of these triumphal appearances are often divided into parties of *buzzaers*, or *bissers*, without knowing (perhaps) for why, or what; but as one leads the other, they

2

form

form a clamour, which majesty itself cannot silence.

“What king so strong, can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?”

That monarch never can, who is giddy with unbridled power, and thirst of unlimited sway; who does not use his prerogative of human greatness for the good of his subjects, and dependents, whether in church or state, and bounds his ambition by his reason.

But I must not moralize with you, FULVIA, who, I am sure, will not envy me the rustic enjoyment of plebeian sports, whilst you can range unrivalled in Kensington Gardens, and the Park; and, at other times, display yourself in all the pride of beauty, glittering with jewels in a side-box, the masquerade, or Ranelagh, with all your surrounding beau attendants: These inflate your mind with empty adulation, and make you think you are something above the human species, and incapable of change, pain, or the innovations of age and disease. Alas! what is there our weak sex will not believe, when we

are complimented with the attributes of a deity? Pleasure we still pursue in every delusive form, though when it has run its wild career, it generally leaves us near the same ground on which it first found us; seldom on better.

—But these, you will tell me, “are cold, phlegmatic sentiments, to which you will not attempt to lower your ideas: They can only be adopted by some country parson’s wife, or forsaken old maid, who never breathed the fragrant air of St. James’s, and can have no perception of the glorious conquest of subduing hearts.

“In that gay circle thousand CUPID’S rove,
“The court of Britain is the court of love.”

Rustic souls in the country may dully attend their dinner and prayers, or be pleased with the stupid amusement of books and work, but such frozen hearts can have no more adequate idea of the homage paid to the empire of beauty, than the deaf can be a judge of harmony, the blind of symmetry, or the prude of politeness.” Such being the
language

language of your heart, I am afraid I should have but ill success, were I to invite you to leave the *beau-monde* party, (who are daily offering up the incense of flattery to your greedy vanity) and, for variety's sake, wish you to try what the country will afford: A different entertainment I'll assure you, as you have never been out of the smoke of London, I will try to give you a specimen of what delights me here.

My reverend friend, in whose hospitable mansion I now am, performs all the duties of his function, with great regularity and exemplary piety. He has long since renounced popular applause, for the solid satisfactions of duty. His congregation highly reverence him in the pulpit, and love and esteem him out of it. With gentle remonstrance he silences any little disputes that may arise amongst his parishioners, and nips contention in the bud, betwixt dissenting parties. In many of the exigencies that occur in life, this worthy man has shewn himself the *lawyer* as well as the *divine*; and has been thought the former in courts of judicature, where he has

pleaded the cause of the widow and orphan with resistless energy, without fee or reward, *when he saw his help in the gate.*

I often enjoy the luxury of mental food, when I go (by invitation) to my friend's library, not *with remnants of Latin to puzzle the vicar*, but with questions relative to opinions, books, or authors. These my preceptor immediately condescends to answer, and conveys instruction to his female pupil, without ostentation of learning, or severity of reproof. Most generously my friend points out some latent flaw in my conduct or sentiments, that was before unknown to myself; and by some amicable opposition in argument, rectifies my judgment, by politely making me sensible of my errors. The stream of conversation is generally turned into some improving or pleasing channel, without degenerating into tittle-tattle, or dwelling on the faults of the absent; the errors of whom, this society think it prudent to forget, and seldom allow themselves to make a comment on it. In other company, I have often observed with concern, scandal gives a zest
to

to conversation, and if one cannot dwell on that topic in modern visits, or enlarge on fashions, &c. &c. a ragout is wanting to compleat the table. As I cannot always partake of this feast to others with innocence to myself, nor stem its tide by reserve, I have often turned from it, and combated your raillery, on the occasion, with silent smiles, but not of approbation. To accept of an invitation to an entertainment reason condemns, is to me like being duped by that enchantress, whose bed was covered with fine linen, and strewed with roses, but thorns were planted in the pillow of reflection.

But here it is far otherwise, the wanton never invited the libertine to come in and smell of her myrrh, cinnamon, &c. &c. with half the propriety that I again solicit you to come and regale your mental faculties, in this society at *Calmly*.— Believe me, FULVIA, it would strengthen your reason, and give a lasting polish (tho' not a modern one) to your manners. Try to conquer your prejudice to the country, for I know,

226 *On the tranquil Pleasure of rural Felicity.*

Such FULVIA's passion for the town, fresh air
(An odd effect) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystial springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds delight,
And to be press'd to death—transports her quite.

Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd we tread a smooth and open way,
Through briars and brambles in the world we stray;
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Which choak our passage, our career controul,
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.

O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent, envy of the great!
By thy fair stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid!
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are innocence and peace:
'There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
'There, blest'd with health, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the next.

Dr. YOUNG's Love of Fame.

But I suppose you would think such a retirement like the valley and shadow of death,

and enter into it with as much disgust and solemnity, as you would the convent of the Carmelites: But don't be afraid; I assure my gay friend, this mansion itself wears a chearful aspect; and the minds of the inhabitants are illuminated by that light, which is not hid to the world, but of manifest advantage to society. I am no favourer of monastic solitude, nor constrained devotion. "Religion does not send her true votaries to cloisters, to add one crime to another, by retreat into a useless, and too often a discontented life; where uniform and chearful piety cannot shew its light to the world, nor encourage others to tread the same footsteps by example."

CONSTANTIA, the vicar's wife, has refined sense, and a judicious taste, in most parts of ancient and modern literature, being mistress of the French tongue, and not ignorant of the Italian. Her husband often appeals to her judgment, in points of criticism, to strengthen his own: Yet, with all the advantage of a scholar in abstruse science, the modest CONSTANTIA is as humble as either of

her maids; and as fearful of displaying her superior knowledge that way, as if she was to be fined for the acquisition. She well knows every branch of domestic œconomy, and there she constantly shines with peculiar grace and dignity. Calm, steady wisdom, seems to direct every part of the compass in her line of duty, and all is prudently executed, without hurry or confusion.

The world, in general, have a very illiberal opinion of the conduct and manners of women who are deemed *learned*, an epithet of frightful import! With it, we are looked on, by our own sex, as owls among the lesser birds; and, by the lords of the creation, as having a superficial, pragmatistical knowledge. But surely this is an error in judgment; for learning, properly used, renders our sex much more suitable companions to men of sense and literature, as well as better qualified to instruct their children, and save some expence in their education. That man must have a very contracted soul, who is jealous of prerogative, because his wife happens to know something beyond the government

ment of her table. No such narrow-minded jealousy reigns in the breast of this worthy DIVINE. His and his CONSTANTIA's conduct to each other, gives me the highest opinion of the marriage state, in which this couple has lived above forty years, mutual comforts to each other; and still their happiness seems increasing: For the God-like luxury of promoting each other's felicity, and doing good to society, is a bliss of that nature, that age cannot alter, nor custom cloy.

MONTAIGNE said justly, "that all external acquisitions receive colour and taste from the internal constitution." Thus the order of this house, the neatness of the garden, which contains every wholesome vegetable and pleasing flower, is an emblem of the order and tranquillity of the owners minds, where religious and social virtues were early cultivated, and have long diffused happiness to all around them. Another thing, give me leave to observe, to their honour.

Strict œconomy at home, enables my friends, with a very moderate fortune, to be very charitable abroad. CONSTANTIA is as
much

much a physician to the bodies, as her Ecclesiastic is to the souls of his charge. Their superiors in rank are fond of visiting them, as they are sure of being received with cheerful hospitality and good manners. We often observe, with delight, what a strong bias the law of nature and uncorrupted sense have, to influence exemplary conduct, when we see the reciprocal tenderness that animates this worthy pair, at this advanced period of life. I shall relieve you, by concluding their character with this wish, i. e. that their mutual happiness may, if possible, increase as long as life itself can be desirable to them. Long, very long, may it be, before the all-conquering tyrant *death* leaves the one a mournful survivor on earth, whilst the other leads the way to unfading glory, and immutable felicity!

You may think, FULVIA, whilst my mind is thus happy in my present situation and company, I shall not be in a hurry to leave *Calimly*, for those splendid, fatiguing pleasures, which are so avariciously sought after by the great and vain, and of which I had
a slight

a slight knowledge, during my stay in the metropolis.—Simplicity has a greater charm for your PHILANTHEA. The peasants here, understanding I was lately come from London, when they saw me at church, looked on me as a BEING of some other world, of which they had only heard, and of consequence imagined strange things of pride, and I know not what. But a freedom of conversation with these rustics, has altered their opinion in my favour; and I presume to flatter myself, I have many real admirers among the gaping swains: For I appeal to you, if there is not truth in the words of that old song,

“ Conquest is the joy of women,

“ Let their slaves be what they will.”

But leaving you to your superior conquests in the high road of galantry, I retire to the substantial pleasure of sincere friends and moral books, &c. which I hope will always afford rational charms to the heart of your

CALMLY, MAY 2.

PHILANTHEA.

P. S.

P. S. Nothing but the performance of my promise to send you a long letter, as a demonstration of my existence, and not being eat up with spleen or vapours, (which you foretold would be my fate in the country) should have induced me to have obtruded this dull epistle into the hands of a fine lady. Our minds and persons seem to be engaged in very different pursuits. I am a stranger to your ecstatic delights, nor have I a capacity to enjoy their refinements.

“ The gods,— a kindness I with thanks must pay,
 “ Have form’d me of a coarser kind of clay;
 “ Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseas’d,
 “ A poor dull creature, still with nature pleas’d.”

I told you before, that I have my *admirers* here; and in hopes of your approbation, I will send you a poetical effort from one of my rural swains; and, at the same time, the Bon Ton, from a London correspondent; and, likewise, knowing your aversion to a stupid man, will inclose you some lines on the metamorphosis of one into a plum-cake.

T H E

B I R D ' s - N E S T .

THE other day, as CLARA fair,
Resolv'd to taste the rural air,
To view what blooming smiles adorn,
The vernal splendours of the morn;
Chance onward led that pleasing way,
My CLARA seem'd inclin'd to stray.
Transported thus, the fair to find
Intent for walk, I quickly join'd.
In meditation, as we went,
CLARA observ'd two birds intent,
To build, with parents care their nest,
Which to secure,—they seem'd distressed.
The crested mate, with bill full fraught,
Seem'd to display a husband's thought;
And brought materials, nature lent,
To fabricate their tenement.
We stopp'd to view the anxious pair
Contrive their house, with wond'rous care.
See, CLARA, see! I then exprest,
What various things compose the nest;

What

What different parts, connected join,
To make the whole both firm and fine.
So should the soul of every maid,
With different beauties be array'd;
Virtue should guard the tender fair,
From man's deceptive, flattering snare;
Prudence direct her wav'ring youth,
And teach her feet the path of truth;
And modesty, in outward mien,
Shou'd speak the harmless soul within;
Honour protect her virgin heart,
From every low, insidious art;
And soft good-nature ever roll,
Its tender impulse in her soul:
And when these excellencies join'd,
Display a CLARA's lovely mind,
The composition soon would prove,
A nest of harmony and love.

ANONYMOUS.

PHILANTHEA adds,—let man display
That care for nestlings, birds will pay.

B O N T O N;

O R, T H E

G R A N D B O R E.

COME listen awhile to our new mother tongue,
And think of your grammars no more,
Henceforth you shall call what you *like* the *Bon Ton*,
And what you *dislike* a *Grand Bore*.

The ladies most fine, who in solitude die,
The *ton* of a crowd will adore,
And long as they're bound by a conjugal tie,
Will deem their poor spouse a *Grand Bore*.

Tho' cards may employ them six days in a week,
The *ton* shall insist on one more;
And if on the seventh you thro' the *ton* break,
'Tis Sunday they deem the *Grand Bore*.

A crowded assembly the *ton* is to give,
And then leave your name at each door;
And as to all joys that retirement can give,
To deem the whole *tote* a *Grand Bore*.

A Miss

A Miss in *cockade*, with the *ton* flies to camp,
And *rolls* with the first of her *corps*,
Calls the youth *militaire*, the youth of right stamp,
And the poor *civil swain* a Grand Bore.

Whip, crack, and spur, to Scotland she drives,
With her ensign in carriage and four;
And if to prevent them the guardian once strives,
He'll surely be deemed a Grand Bore.

Post obits supply our brisk heirs with their cash,
That they may with the *ton* quit their score;
From *Square-toes* they fly, lest perchance they might clash,
And vote their grand fire a Grand Bore.

Coin then a few words, in defiance of sense,
And lay up of *ton* a good store,
Spurning fixt rules, both of mood and of tense,
Lest you should be reckoned a Bore.

A M I N T O R.

P H I L E-

PHILEMON'S METAMORPHOSIS

I N T O A

P L U M - C A K E.

U PROSE the sun, and gave the dawn,
Gemming with liquid pearl the lawn ;
The flocks and herds shook off the dews,
And lovers rose to court the Muse.

PHILEMON still his pillow prest,
For love had ne'er disturb'd his rest ;
At others' cost the sluggard fed,
To self alive, to beauty dead.

VENUS observ'd him, as he lay,
Snoring the listless hours away ;
Then call'd in wrath the nimble God,
That bears the wonder-working rod.

" HERMES, said she, to earth repair,
" Observe yon lazy lubbard there ;
" A foe to love's divine delights,
" My power he scorns, and beauty flights.
" Revenge is sweet, where woman can,
" I hate a sentimental man :

" Talkers

238 *Philemon's Metamorphosis into a Plum-Cake.*

" Talkers were always little doers,
" And poets are the worst of wooers.
" Dear MERC, revenge the cause of beauty,
" VENUS commands,—you know your duty."

To whom the winged son of May,
" Madam, your pleasure I obey."
He said, and bowing low, withdrew,
(Respect to beauty still is due.)

And now the graceful God assumes,
The golden petasus and plumes;
Next, to his feet the sandals tied,
And fasten'd wings on either side;
Then grasp'd the virtue of the wand,
That sleep can chase, or sleep command.

Equipt for flight, he bends his way,
Where still the sluggard snoring lay.
The God remember'd well his face,
Had laid before him many a case;
At school had taught him classic knowledge,
And prate and poetry at college.
Surpriz'd, awhile his Godship stood,
His alter'd mien and figure view'd;
His bloodless cheeks, so pale and thin;
His faded eyes, and rueful chin;
His squalid beard, and shaggy breast,
Where love nor peace delight to rest.
Then o'er the sluggard thrice he shakes
The wand, compos'd of twisted snakes.
In vain he thrice essay'd to rise,
Thrice lifts in vain to heaven his eyes;

A sudden

A sudden brown his skin o'erspread,
 A crumby softness seiz'd his head ;
 His locks, which AMPHLET's * daily care
 Had dress'd, and powder'd to a hair,
 A solid crust of sugar take,
 Like ice upon a frozen lake ;
 His hollow eyes are stuck with plums,
 And the whole man a *cake* becomes.

The boys and girls, with dance and song,
 When Christmas comes, around him throng ;
 And bless, for gentle beauty's sake,
 The hand that made him a PLUM-CAKE.

THEO. SWIFT.

* The author's hair-dresser.

A N

E P I G R A M.

BY THE SAME.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

WHEN PHŒBUS follow'd, DAPHNE flew,
 And as she fled, his passion grew ;
 But time inverts the good old rule,
 'Tis *you* that follow, *we* that cool.

TO

T O

U X A N D E R :

ON LUXURY, AND THE BENEFIT OF A VEGETABLE DIET.

YOU are much mistaken, Sir, in supposing that I have not submitted to the abstemious diet prescribed to me by my doctor. I assure you, I have strictly followed his advice for several weeks past: Nor is abstinence so hard an injunction to be followed, as you and others may imagine, who are used to sumptuous courses, and flowing bowls. I have long known, by experience, that full meals of animal food clog the faculties of the mind, load the stomach, and if not carried off by exercise, will prove great enemies to industry and study; for quietism, the too natural consequence of epicurism, is but a
dull

dull restorative of the organs of perception. I often contemplate the state of the virtuous poor, and observe, they are happy in employment, and with the support That procures, blessed with contented minds all day, and unbroken sleep at night : Therefore, their lives are generally more serene and comfortable, than those of the voluptuous Great. Poor people are habituated to live low; and for that reason, when taken ill, (unless in acute disorders) seldom want much more than reviving cordials, or wholesome kitchen physic: For the wheels of nature not being heavily loaded in those who earn their daily bread by manual labour, they are easily disburthened, and exert their usual function with pleasant celerity; while the voluptuous rich deprive themselves of the pleasure of their food, by eating before they are hungry, and drinking before they are thirsty; and in punishment for inverting the laws of nature, by this custom of luxurious indulgence, they are compelled to take nauseating drugs, and undergo great fatigues, to restore the springs of health to their proper channel, and to

eat their bread with that sweetness, which temperance and exercise give to the common labourer.

“ Though poor the peasant’s hut, his feasts though small,

“ He sees his little lot,—the lot of all :

“ Chearful at morn, he wakes from short repose,

“ Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes.”

You ask me, Sir, if it is possible for a woman to adhere to the doctrine of PYTHAGORAS * ? I assure you, I think it very possible, nay easy, to conform to a vegetable diet; and honey and water have lately been the greatest part of my nourishment. But in regard to the five years silence he enjoined his pupils, I could not acquiesce with those rigid precepts, to be a proficient in any study, nor even to be as wise as MINERVA herself. Rally me as much as you please on the tem-

* PYTHAGORAS forbid his pupils eating of flesh, or killing of animals, either for food or sacrifice. His own food was honey, bread, herbs, and water, which were thought very proper to promote the enlargement of the mental faculties.

porary

porary loss of my tongue, when my voice and powers of articulation return, I hope to convince you, that I am not a convert to this antiquated philosophy of taciturnity. But though I retain too much of the true *woman* in me to be a Pythagorean in this respect, I am not an advocate for loquacious impertinence in our sex; for every species of this folly must be allowed to be extremely wearisome to men of sense, and full as disgusting as a discord in music to a judicious ear: Yet, if we deny ourselves Epicurean indulgences, it may help to refine our intellects, and render our conversation more worthy your attention. Your lively, though polite manner of ridiculing me at this time, on the subjects of silence and eating, is somewhat cowardly, yet a strong proof you are not one of the dull sons of EPICURUS, howsoever many votaries of the rosy God fill some of the high seats of learning. This brings to my memory an epigram, wrote and sent me by a friend, on the regulations at Oxford, in a prohibition to the cooks shops.

What wonder,—these laws are establish'd at last,
Or that with high-feeding these sages find fault,
Since conscious they are, so long as they fast,
No youth can be much better *fed* than he's *taught*.

Surely, excessive luxury ought always to be prohibited in public and private societies; for it is not only derogatory to the improvements of the mind, and destructive of health, but it has been known to be a vice of so fatal a tendency, as to precede the declension of states; and candour must own, that it always enfeebles the spirit of the community, and at the same time helps to load it with oppressive taxes, to defray its expences. The Roman empire was scarcely sufficient to support the voluptuous tables of those adepts in the science of eating, HELIOGABALUS and VITELLIUS. We are told, the former monster of vice was so great an Epicure, that he had the heads of six hundred ostriches for his supper: (a strong proof he had less brain than one of those stupid birds!) To this he added the brains of thrushes, the spawns of mullets, the tongues of pheasants, and nightingales, and the eggs of partridges, with the heads of
parrots

parrots and peacocks, &c. &c. No wonder this wretch spent the revenues of twelve kingdoms by such boundless extravagance, as all other parts of his impious conduct, and enormous vices, bore the same affinity of incredible expence. Well might Dr. YOUNG say,

The man is dead who for the body lives ;
Why starved on earth our angel appetites,
While brutal are indulg'd their fulsome fill ?

Again,

If man, by feeding well, commences great,
Much more a worm, to whom that *man* is meat.

But in voluptuousness, VITELLIUS seemed to claim the preeminence of all the Epicurean monsters that we read of in the *Roman History*.

“ For all the inhabitants of sea and air,
“ Were ’listed in this glutton’s bill of fare ;
“ And at his fiscal table every day,
“ All creatures did a constant tribute pay, &c. &c.”

It appears, by what ECHARD tells us, there was no way to gain the short-lived favour of VITELLIUS, but by entertaining him at sumptuous

tuous banquets; therefore his brother made a most memorable supper for him, at his first arrival at *Rome*, in which were two thousand several dishes of fish, and seven thousand of fowl served up, the most scarce and valuable that could be procured: Yet his own profuseness exceeded all this at the dedication of that charger, which, by reason of its vast capacity, he termed *Minerva's Target*, in which was a rich *olio*, made of the fowls of the fish called *scarri*, the brains of *pheasants* and *woodcocks*, the tongues of the most costly birds, and the spawn of *sea-lampreys*, brought from the *Carpathian Sea*. In order to cook this dish properly, a furnace was built on purpose in the fields, as it was too large for any kitchen to contain it. But I cannot bear to enlarge farther on the voluptuous extravagance of this Epicurean monster, that in four months time wasted (it is said) above seven millions of our money, and ruined many cities and families. Surely he deserved all the ignominy that attended his death, whose crimes were of so enormous a dye, that they rendered his life a disgrace to human

man

man nature, and a severe scourge to the *Roman* state !

Let me relieve my thoughts from these wretched *beatbens* ! by recurring to the precepts and example of our divine Master, who condescended to dine *himself on a piece of a broiled fish, and of an honey-comb* ; and though all the fowls on the mountains, the fishes of the sea, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, were absolutely at our Lord's command, yet *he fed five thousand men with only five barley loaves, and two small fishes*. O ! shame to luxurious banquets ! for though this miracle of our Saviour's cannot be imitable to us, yet his own temperate meals, and every part of his private conduct, are left to us on record, as an *example to follow his steps* : Therefore,

Though prodigals boast how lavish they spend,
Frugalities care I here recommend ;

Let no fragment be lost,—was a precept from heav'n,
And never a better to mortals was giv'n.

I think, UXANDER, that temperance and
œconomy are lessons that cannot be too often

M 4

inculcated

inculcated in common life ; by which I do not mean a niggardly penuriousness, which is a fordid crime in persons blessed with affluence, though it must be granted a commendable duty in others, who are under the rigid laws of necessity. But prudent frugality, even in high stations, enables persons to act with that becoming generosity, in other circumstances, which adorn their rank : Besides, it gives exercise to patience, which is seldom known to be a solitary virtue.

In reply to this, perhaps, you will tell me, “ that you did not expect a repetition of the *Roman History*, with which you are well acquainted, nor yet a grave dissertation on the pernicious effects of Epicurism and extravagance, which is wandering from the subject of your epistle.” To which, Sir, allow me to say, that in returning or confirmed health, I fear I shall be no more able, strictly, to adhere to the precepts of our admired philosopher, the wise PYTHAGORAS, in living *only* on herbs, honey, and water, for a constancy, than I shall be to keep a rigid silence for five years ; which, I think,
would

would so far impair the organs and powers of speech, that I should never again be capable of uttering a monosyllable. Remember, UXANDER, I have the privileged weakness of my sex to plead, in excuse for the exercise of my tongue; and when my facetious monitor gives me the example, as well as the advice of silence, and renouncing all animal food, perhaps I may follow it. This proposed regimen of diet, I understand, a young gentleman has lately followed, on which philosophic resolution his friend addressed the inclosed epistle to him. Read it if you please,

SIR,

from your humble servant,

PHILANTHEA.

TO

T O A

YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

ON HIS CONFINING HIMSELF TO A VEGETABLE
DIET, ON PYTHAGORIC PRINCIPLES.

O Sov'reign Reason ! surest guide below,
What small obedience to thy laws we show ;
How few, alas ! resolv'd, and firm we find,
To stem the noisy tide of custom blind :
Yet there are those, who sometimes nobly dare
To disregard, how much the rabble stare ;
And I congratulate thee, mighty Queen !
That such a stedfast votary now is seen ;
Humanely wise, abhorring bloody feasts,
Where useful are devour'd by useless beasts ;
Nor will permit what butchers put to death,
To pass (in HOMER's phrase) his hedge of teeth ;
Lux'ry's high seasoned baits he can defy,
And on her saucers throw a careless eye :
Nor shall the joints of tender lamb persuade,
To wield ferociously the savage blade ;
Nor shall the sightly view of butter'd veal,
Make his abstemious resolution reel ;

Nor

Nor shall the sav'ry scent of fam'd sirloin,
 Provoke him barb'rously on flesh to dine:
 Or tho' you tempt with luscious duck or goose,
 (Which slaves to appetite can ne'er refuse)
 Gravies, may lave their smoaking sides in vain,
 For from the bloody lure he'll still refrain,
 While nature, for the few whom temp'rance guides,
 A table so munificent provides;
 For for their sakes she form'd the blooming fruit,
 The juicy herb, and health preserving root;
 The soft potatoe, sweet without compare,
 The silver turnip, great DENTADUS' fare;
 The blushing carrot, and the cabbage green;
 The climbing pea, and the broad Windsor bean*;
 The poignant onion, and the Cambrian leek;
 The white mushroom, that maidens early seek;
 The tall asparagus's tender head;
 The cucumber, that asks a warmer bed;
 The radish crisp, and all the humble train
 Of fallads, sown by the industrious swain.
 With these content, (for these can satisfy)
 He heeds no dainty *ham*, nor *ven'son* pye.
 Dire reformation of the Gallic cooks!
 If all, like him, should feed on greens and books;
 Death now to gain him soon might leave all hopes,
 And patient wait, "till, like ripe fruit, he drops

* Perhaps LYSANDER may have entertained a wrong idea of the *Pythagoreans* eating the broad *Windsor bean*; which, I am taught to believe, their sect never did, for reasons that the physical gentlemen can best give.

“ Into his mother’s lap,” nor have the pow’r
To hasten, but by time his fatal hour ;
Secur’d by temp’rance, he may now defy
Disease, and the grave doctor, its ally ;
Stronger and healthier by more than half,
And wiser too, so let the sounding laugh
Shake the fat sides of turtle-gorging cits,
Of greasy butchers, or of flesh-fed wits :
They’ll soon repentant praise his better choice,
When rough disease shall damp luxurious joys ;
When the fierce gout shall bring them to the crutch,
And show what ’tis t’ indulge the flesh too much.
How will they wish they’d learn’d like him to dine,
And turnips eat, for turkey and for chine ;
Bologna sausages and tongues giv’n up,
And fed on cabbages instead of soup ?

LYSANDER.

LINES

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE
A U T H O R,
B Y
C L Y T A N D E R.

“ **B**UT if the first Eve,
“ Hard doom did receive,
“ When only one apple had she;
“ What punishment new,
“ Shall be found out for you,
“ Who, tasting, have robb’d the whole tree?”

T H E
R E P L Y
T O
C L Y T A N D E R.

IT was the serpent’s sly device,
That tempted Eve in Paradise;
But whether apple, peach, or pear,
Cherry, or plum, who can declare,

Which

Which first allur'd EVE's longing eye,
And made her out of Eden fly?
MOSES hath left us in the lurch,
This scripture mystery to search.
Whate'er the *fruit*, our *grandam's* doom,
Should warn her daughters yet to come,
Constant to shun that dire disgrace!
Which brought on all our fallen race,
Those epithets of *proud* and *vain*,
That stigmatize the female train.

The palm of wisdom, I am told,
Was to your sex consign'd of old.
To *rob*, can never bring renown,
Nor have I try'd to steal your crown;
Then, gentle Sir, ne'er seek to wound
My peace, with thefts distressing found!
My eyes ne'er glanc'd on *fruit* forbid,
Where cruel scorpions oft are hid;
For if on Eden's sacred ground,
The subtil serpent took his round,
Much may we fear beneath the grass,
Snakes crested, lurk to bite the last,
Who never thought their venom'd tooth!
Would e'er assault her harmless youth.
Yipers still shun the face of day,
To seize, in ambuscade, their prey;
Then leave the cred'lous fair to sigh,
And rend with grief the vaulted sky.
So PROSERPINE, the poets tell,
By vengeful DIS was dragg'd to hell,

For gath'ring a frail, simple flow'r,
She dearly felt that tyrant's pow'r!

How dangerous is it then to look
On aught, that like the prophet's book,
May in the mouth with sweetness pall,
But after turns to bitter gall!

Your learning I'd not wish to boast,
To be with all your sex a toast:
Then what care I, if G and U,
Inflct your tortures old and new,
On those that crabbed apples reach,
(Subjects on which you're fond to preach)
Or strive to snatch from wisdom's tree,
That golden fruit ne'er pluck'd by me.
If you such robbery can prove,
I know 'tis vain to seek to move
Your rigid hearts,—with pity's sway!
For those that court bright wisdom's ray;
Or triumph in that noble vest,
In which your manly souls are drest;
But sure,—I need not dread your spleen,
Who ne'er in learning's robe was seen.

PHILANTHEA,

LINES,

LINES, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY A

S C U L L,

PLACED IN THE LATE

DR. DODDRIDGE'S STUDY.

“WHY chuse you in a maze of books to stray?

“I dictate wisdom in a shorter way;

“Nor need I words my purpose to dispense,

“For looks like *mine* are powerful eloquence,

“Behold these ruins of a human frame,

“Canst tell me from what sepulchre I came?

“My rank, my genius, or my form declare?

“Say, was I mean or great, deform'd or fair,

“The public scandal, or the public care?

“Alas! thou know'st not, and thy pride must own,

“That thou thyself shalt be as much unknown;

“So shall thy beauty moulder into dust,

“The sparkling eye, and rosy cheek be lost;

“Thy learned brain shall be to worms a prey,

“And every curious trace be torn away.

“Learning is vain till thou this secret have,

“How to avoid, or triumph, o'er the grave.”

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



